DC
GRUDGE MATCH!
PETER B. GILLIS
MARTIN KING
DAVE COOPER
GAMMARAUDERS™
2
MAR 89
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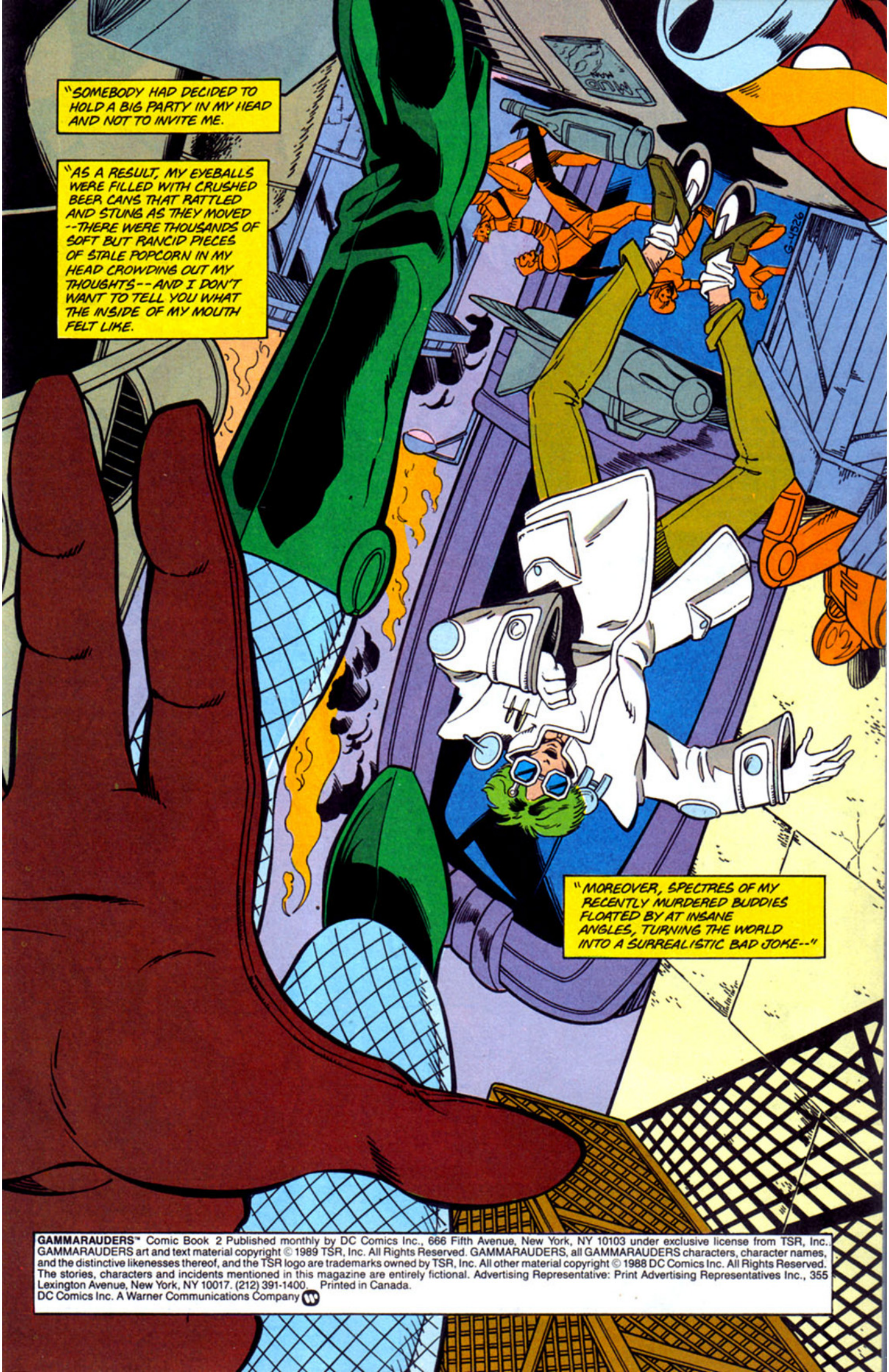
UK 70p
NEW FORMAT
WHEN BIOBORGS CLASH!



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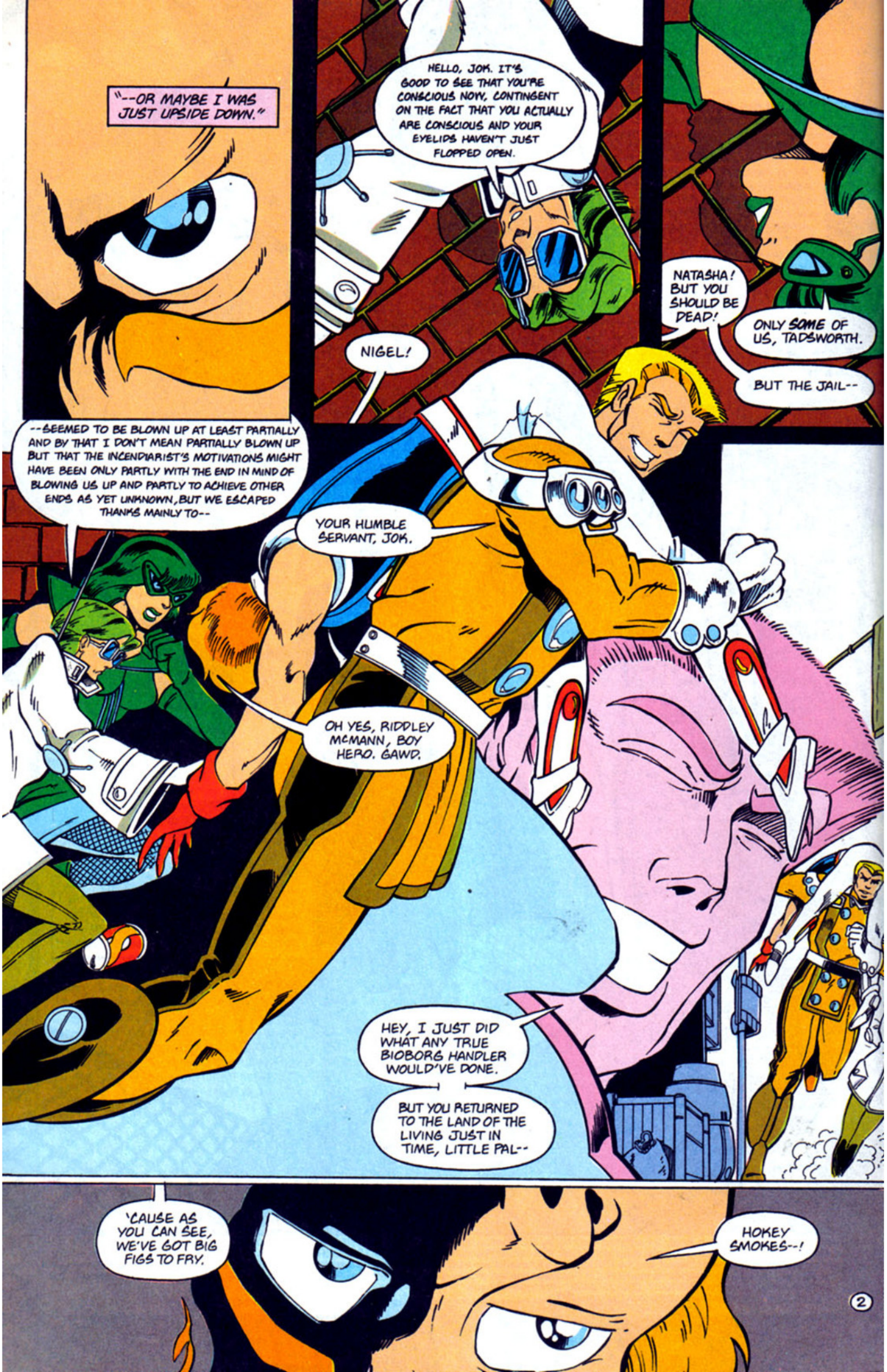

"--OR MAYBE I WAS JUST UPSIDE DOWN."
HELLO, JOK. IT'S GOOD TO SEE THAT YOU'RE CONSCIOUS NOW, CONTINGENT ON THE FACT THAT YOU ACTUALLY ARE CONSCIOUS AND YOUR EYELIDS HAVEN'T JUST FLOPPED OPEN.
NIGEL!
NATASHA! BUT YOU SHOULD BE DEAD!
ONLY SOME OF US, TADSWORTH.
BUT THE JAIL--
--SEEMED TO BE BLOWN UP AT LEAST PARTIALLY AND BY THAT I DON'T MEAN PARTIALLY BLOWN UP BUT THAT THE INCENDIARIST'S MOTIVATIONS MIGHT HAVE BEEN ONLY PARTLY WITH THE END IN MIND OF BLOWING US UP AND PARTLY TO ACHIEVE OTHER ENDS AS YET UNKNOWN, BUT WE ESCAPED THANKS MAINLY TO--
YOUR HUMBLE SERVANT, JOK.
OH YES, RIDDLEY MCMANN, BOY HERO. GAWD.
HEY, I JUST DID WHAT ANY TRUE BIOBORG HANDLER WOULD'VE DONE.
BUT YOU RETURNED TO THE LAND OF THE LIVING JUST IN TIME, LITTLE PAL--
'CAUSE AS YOU CAN SEE, WE'VE GOT BIG FIGS TO FRY.
HOKEY SMOKES--!

"OUR BIOBORGS THOUGHT WE WERE DEAD--AND WERE TRASHING DODGE CITY!"

PETER B. GILLIS WRITER
MARTIN KING PENCILLER
DAVE COOPER INKER
DUNCAN ANDREWS LETTERER
DANIEL VOZZO COLORIST
BARBARA KESEL EDITOR

PRESENT...

I CAN'T MAKE CONNECTION WITH ONKO!

MY LINK WITH FILMOORE IS DOWN, TOO! MAYBE THEY'VE SNAPPED!

I REALLY DON'T THINK DWEEMISH LIKED ME ALL *THAT* MUCH--I THINK IT'S SOMETHING ELSE!

PUT ME DOWN, RIDDLEY!

PUT ME...

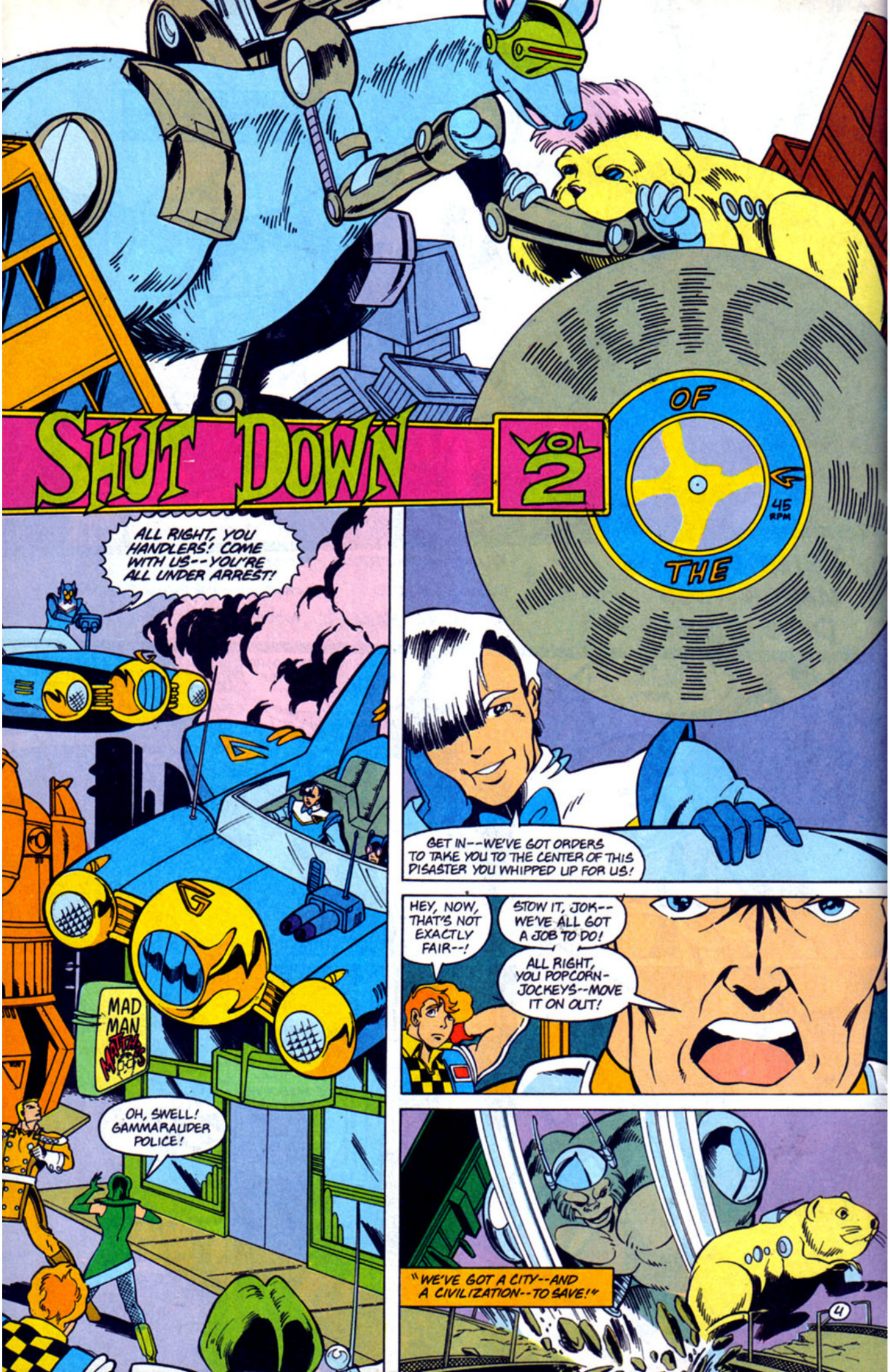
WELL, WE CAN'T JUST STAND HERE!

THANK YOU.

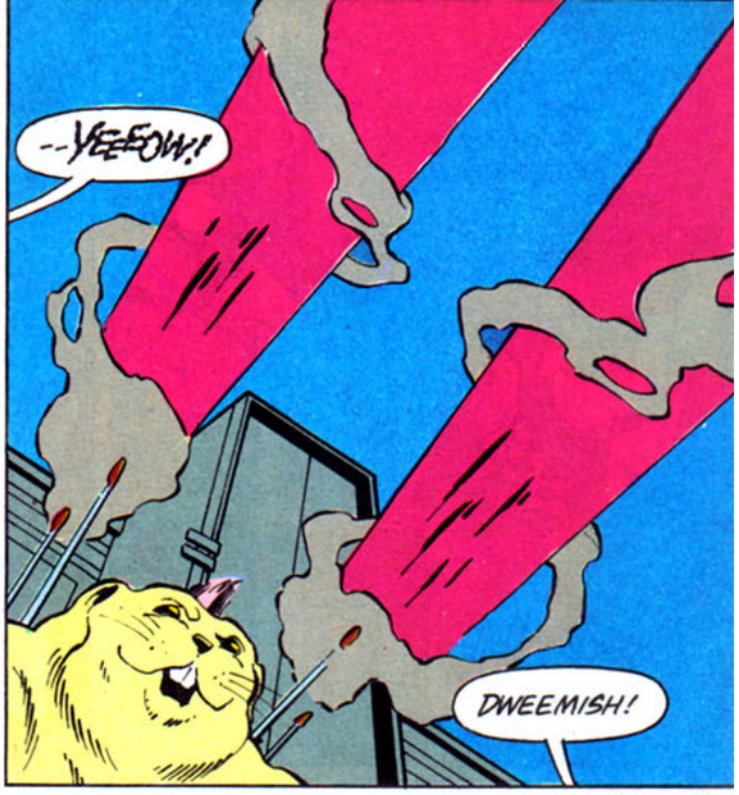
I THINK SOMEBODY'S JAMMING OUR LINKS--THE SAME FOLKS THAT BLEW UP THE JAIL.

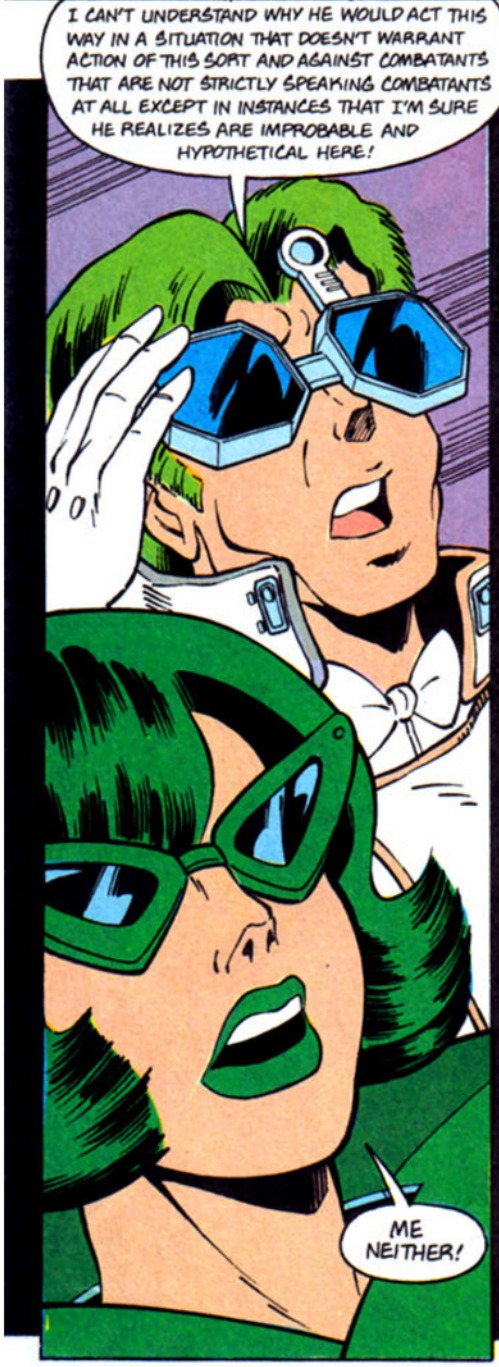
DID ANY OF YOU SEE A CRYSTAL GLOBE NEXT TO ME WHEN YOU PICKED ME UP?

GLOBE? NO--!

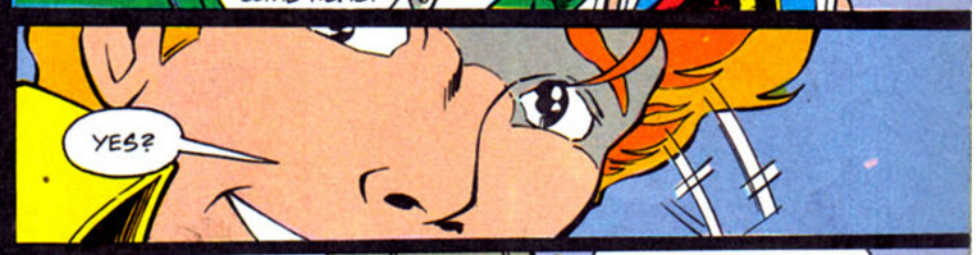

SHUT DOWN
VOL 2
OF
THE
45 RPM
ALL RIGHT, YOU HANDLERS! COME WITH US--YOU'RE ALL UNDER ARREST!
GET IN--WE'VE GOT ORDERS TO TAKE YOU TO THE CENTER OF THIS DISASTER YOU WHIPPED UP FOR US!
HEY, NOW, THAT'S NOT EXACTLY FAIR--!
STOW IT, JOK--WE'VE ALL GOT A JOB TO DO!
ALL RIGHT, YOU POPCORN-JOCKEYS--MOVE IT ON OUT!
MAD MAN
OH, SWELL! GAMMARAIDER POLICE!
"WE'VE GOT A CITY--AND A CIVILIZATION--TO SAVE!"
4

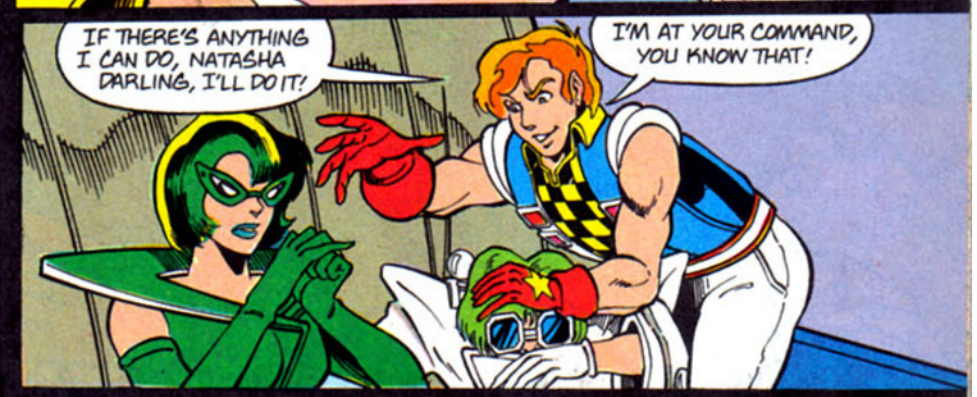
HOW CLOSE CAN YOU GET TO THEM?
AS CLOSE AS IT TAKES, McMANN! WE'LL PUT YOU RIGHT DOWN THE MUZZLES OF--

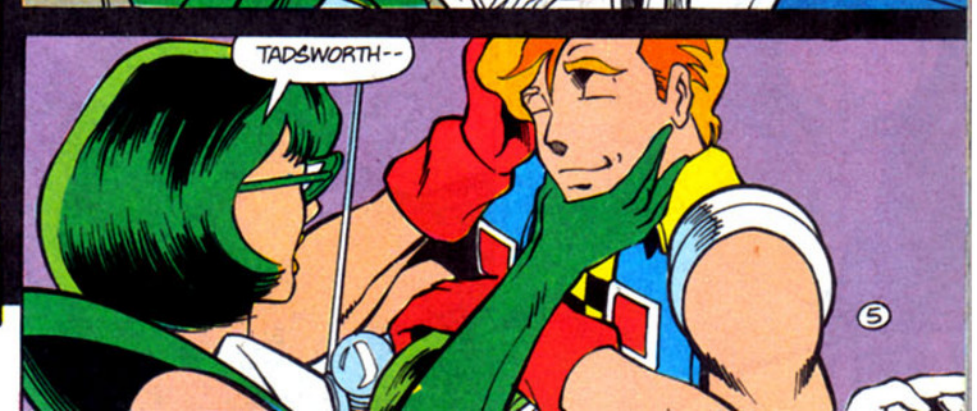

--YEEEOW!
DWEEMISH!

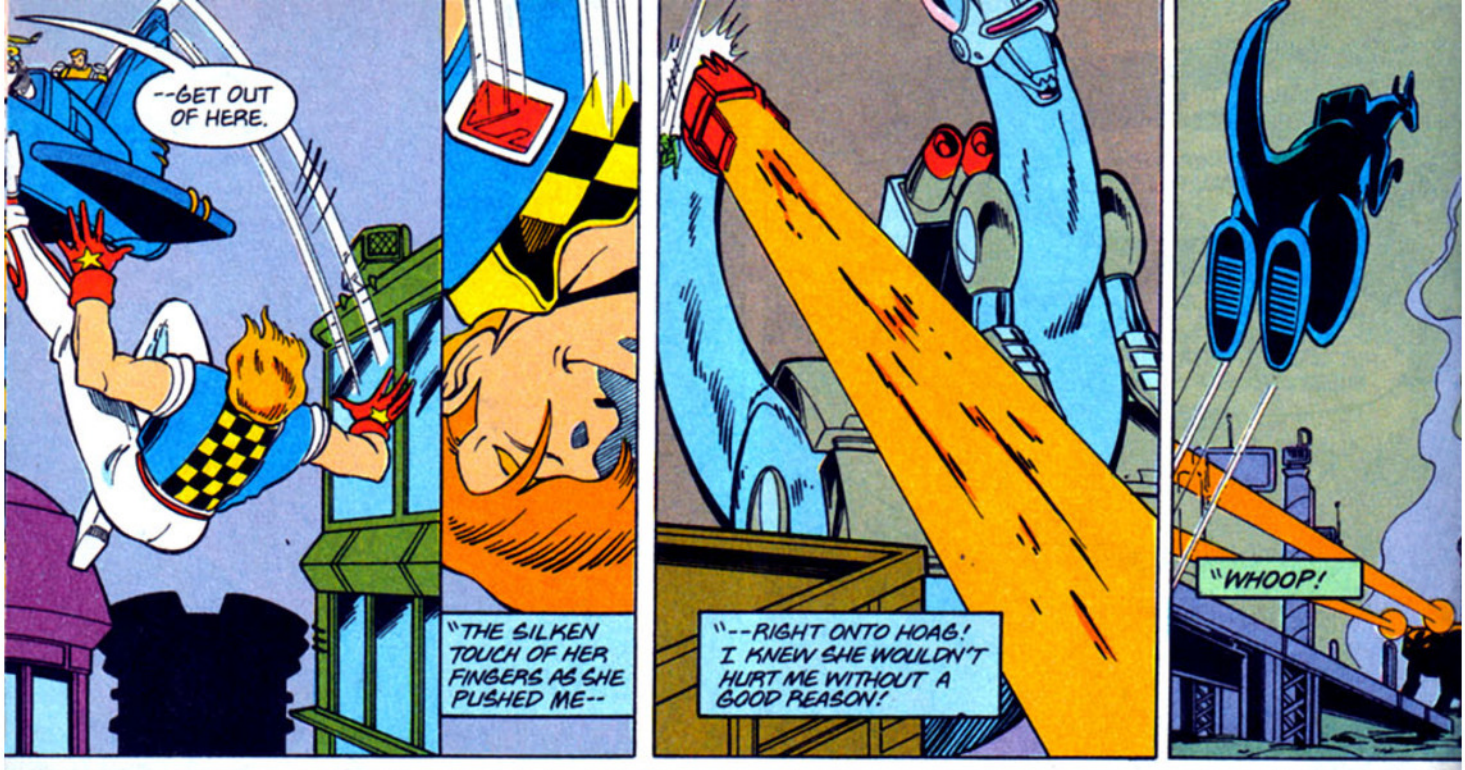

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY HE WOULD ACT THIS WAY IN A SITUATION THAT DOESN'T WARRANT ACTION OF THIS SORT AND AGAINST COMBATANTS THAT ARE NOT STRICTLY SPEAKING COMBATANTS AT ALL EXCEPT IN INSTANCES THAT I'M SURE HE REALIZES ARE IMPROBABLE AND HYPOTHETICAL HERE!
ME NEITHER!

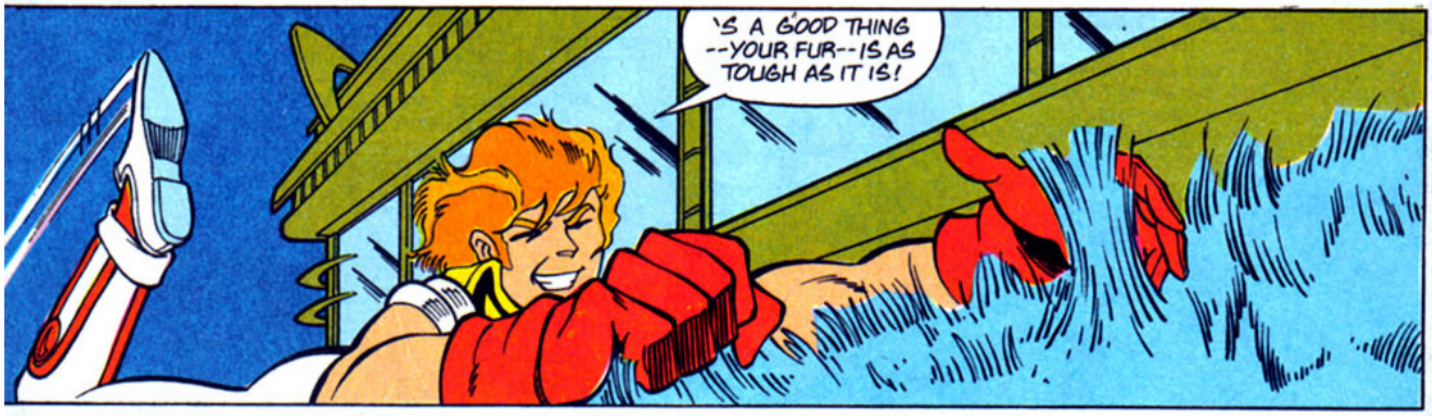
BUT HOW DO WE STOP THEM? HOW DO WE CONNECT? WHAT IF ALL THIS IS A PREPARATION FOR A SLUGNOID ATTACK? OR SOMETHING EVEN WORSE?
TADSWORTH-- COME HERE.

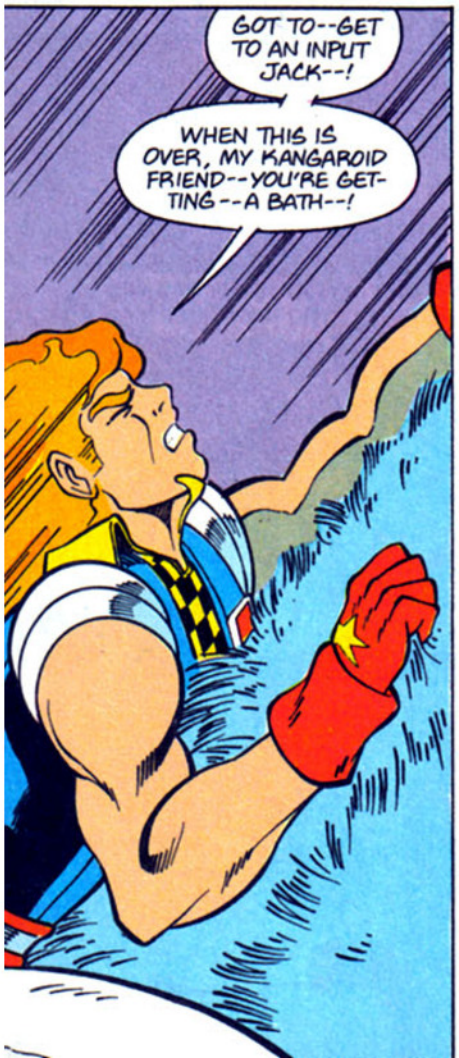

YES?

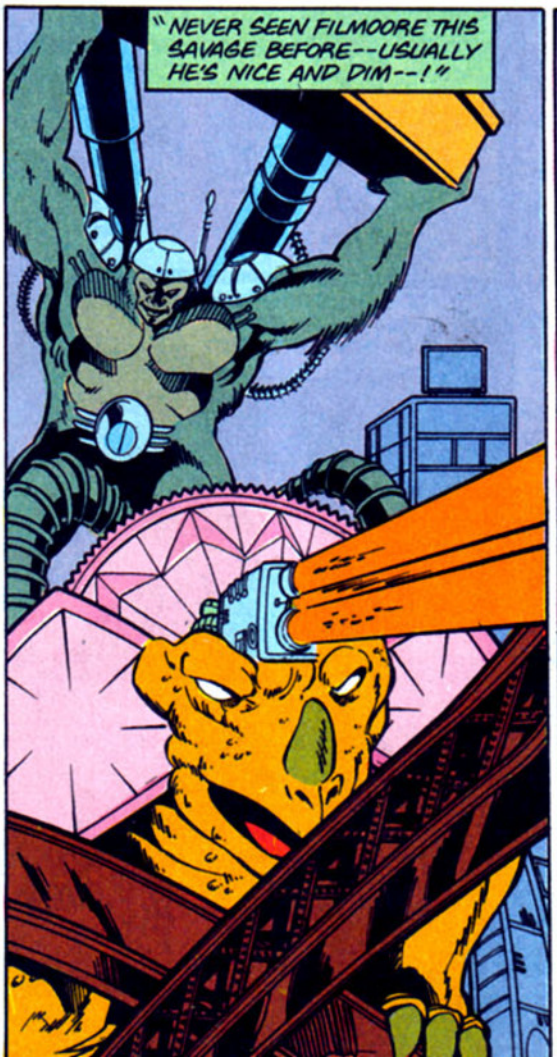

IF THERE'S ANYTHING I CAN DO, NATASHA DARLING, I'LL DO IT!
I'M AT YOUR COMMAND, YOU KNOW THAT!

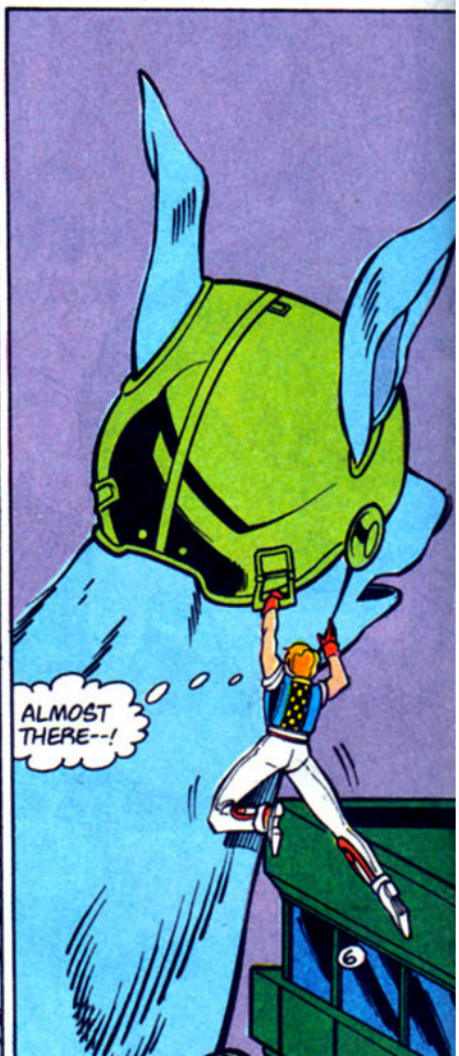

TADSWORTH--

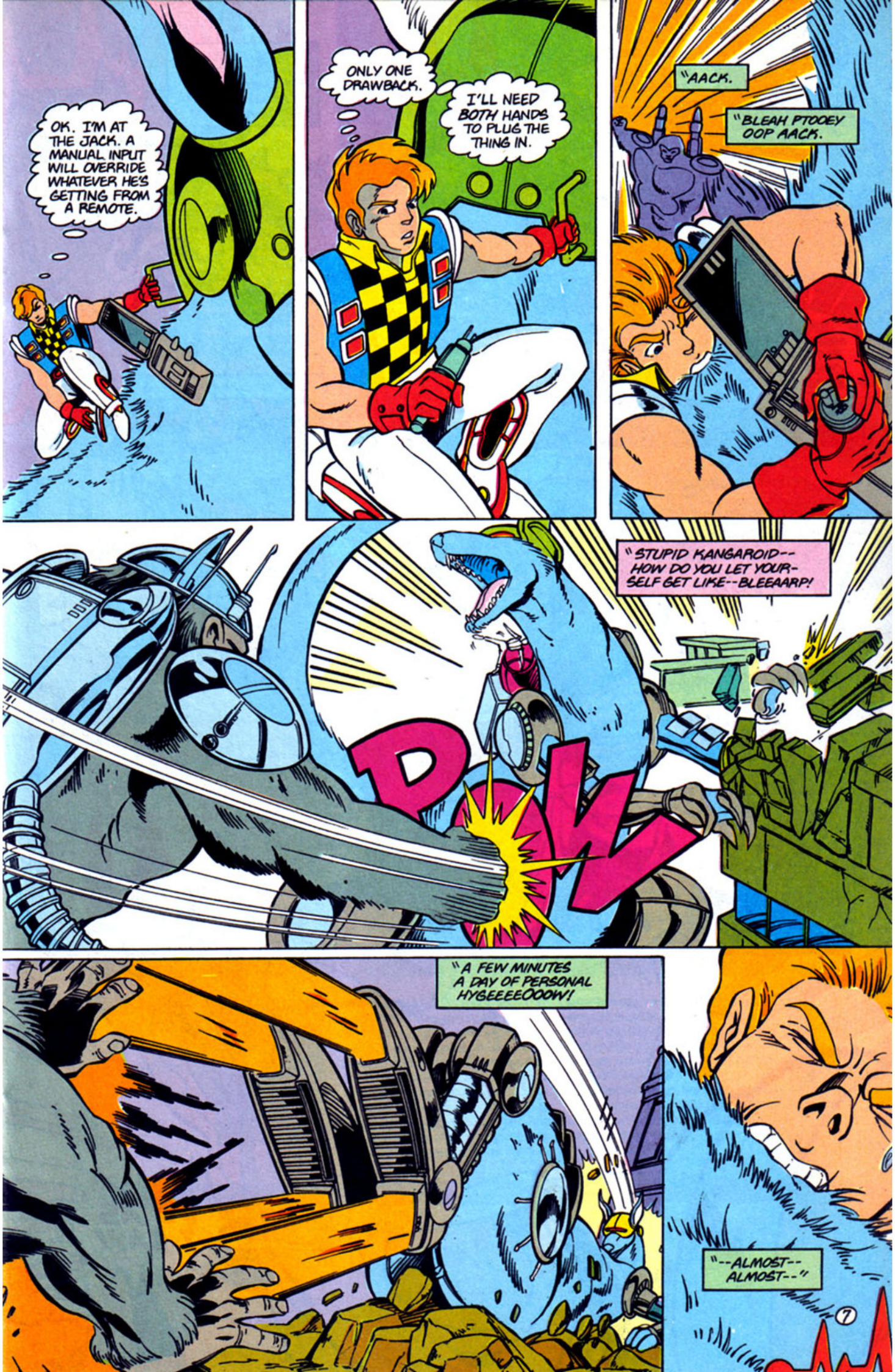

--GET OUT OF HERE.
"THE SILKEN TOUCH OF HER FINGERS AS SHE PUSHED ME--
"--RIGHT ONTO HOAG! I KNEW SHE WOULDN'T HURT ME WITHOUT A GOOD REASON!
"WHOOP!

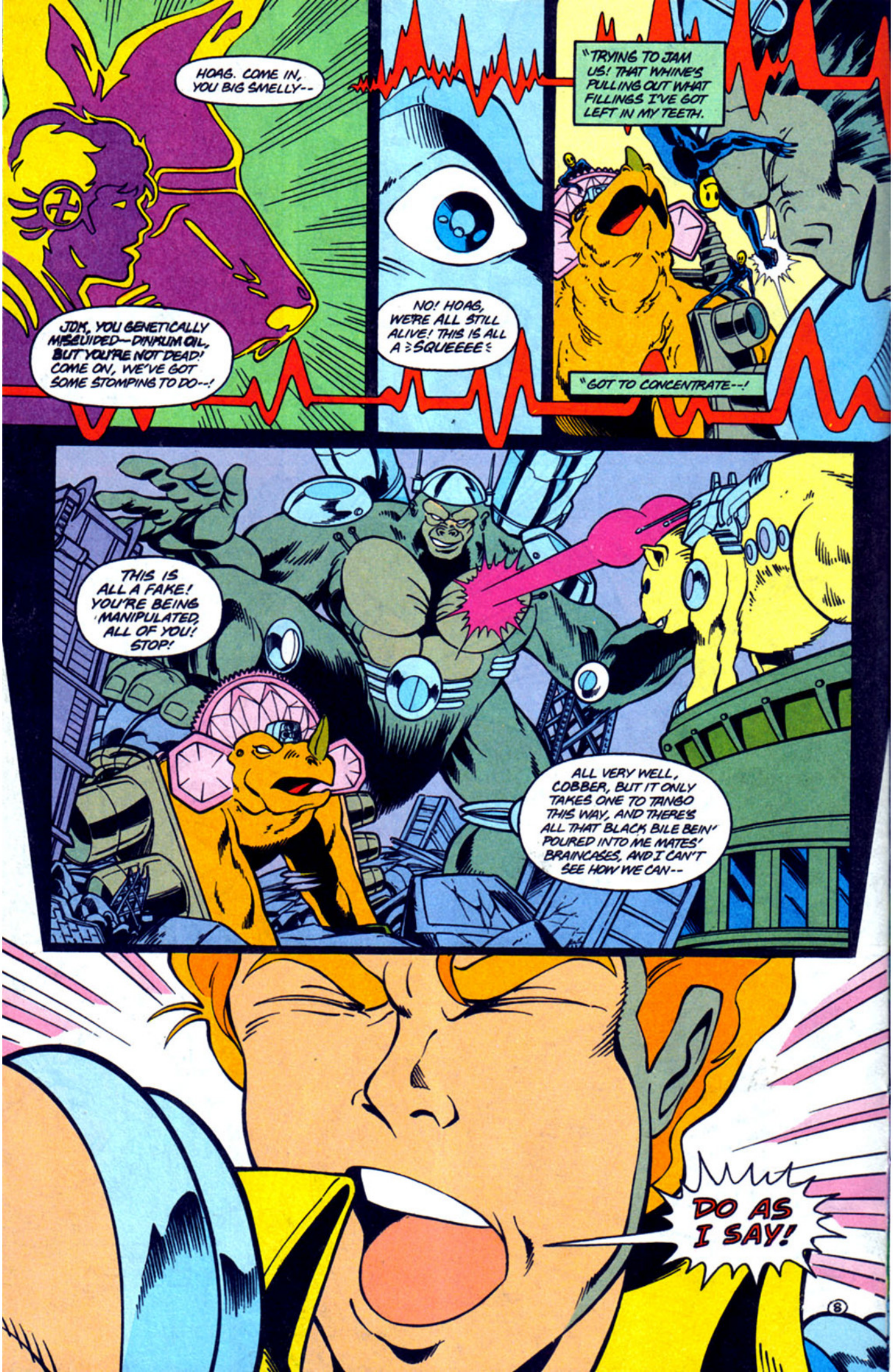

'S A GOOD THING --YOUR FUR--IS AS TOUGH AS IT IS!

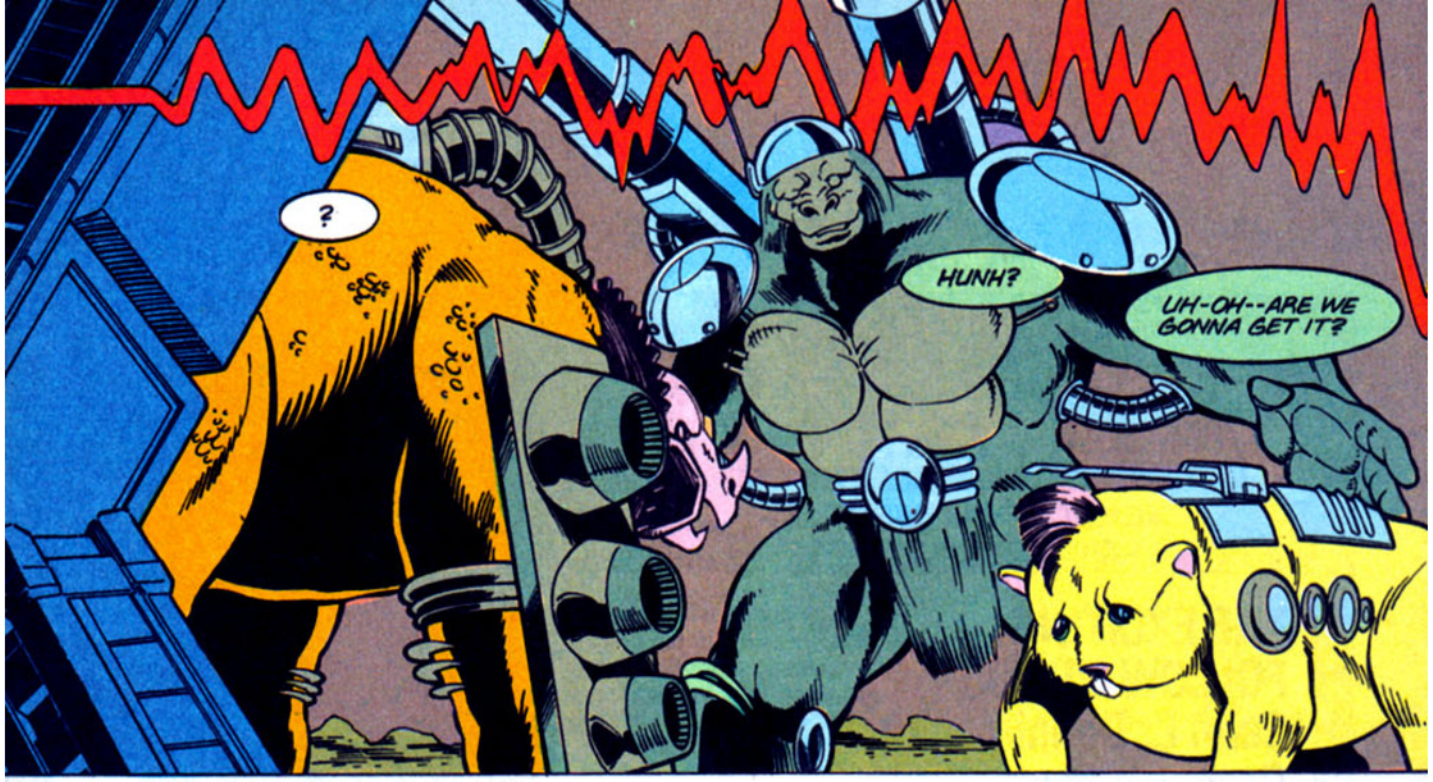

GOT TO--GET TO AN INPUT JACK--!
WHEN THIS IS OVER, MY KANGAROID FRIEND--YOU'RE GETTING--A BATH--!

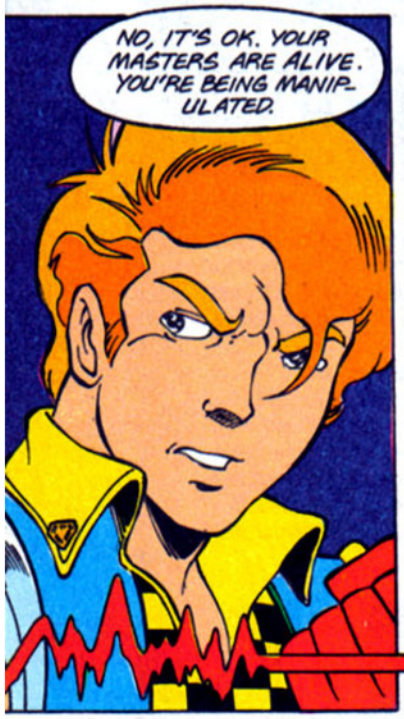

"NEVER SEEN FILMOORE THIS SAVAGE BEFORE--USUALLY HE'S NICE AND DIM--!"

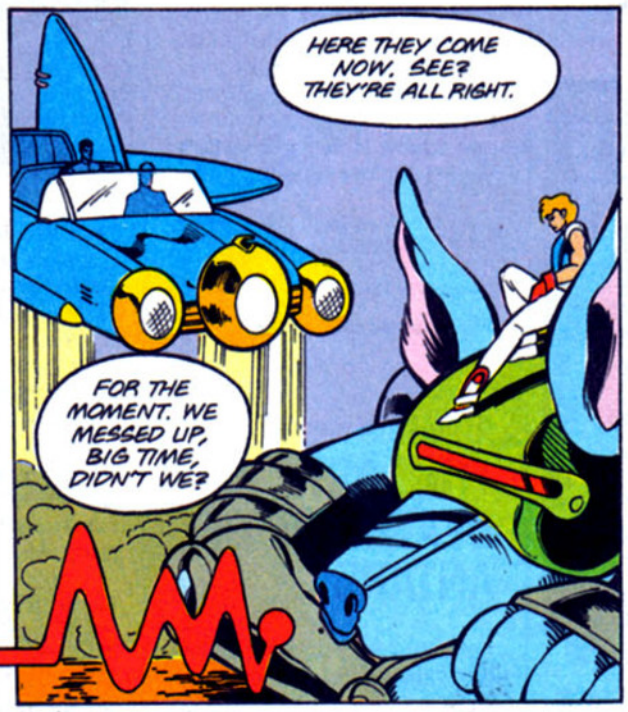

ALMOST THERE--!

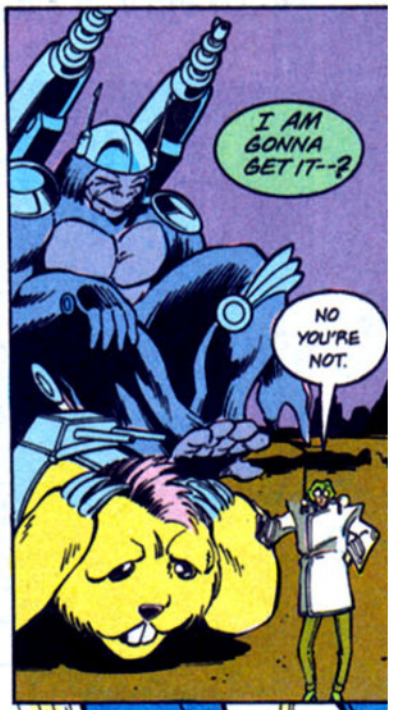

OK. I'M AT THE JACK. A MANUAL INPUT WILL OVERRIDE WHATEVER HE'S GETTING FROM A REMOTE.
ONLY ONE DRAWBACK.
I'LL NEED BOTH HANDS TO PLUG THE THING IN.
"AACK.
"BLEAH PTOOEY OOP AACK.
"STUPID KANGAROID-- HOW DO YOU LET YOUR-SELF GET LIKE--BLEEAARP!
POW
"A FEW MINUTES A DAY OF PERSONAL HYGEEEEOOOW!
"--ALMOST-- ALMOST--"
7


HOAG. COME IN, YOU BIG SMELLY--
JOK, YOU GENETICALLY MISGUIDED—DINKUM OIL, BUT YOU'RE NOT DEAD! COME ON, WE'VE GOT SOME STOMPING TO DO--!
NO! HOAG, WE'RE ALL STILL ALIVE! THIS IS ALL A ≥SQUEEEE≤
"TRYING TO JAM US! THAT WHINE'S PULLING OUT WHAT FILLINGS I'VE GOT LEFT IN MY TEETH.
"GOT TO CONCENTRATE--!
THIS IS ALL A FAKE! YOU'RE BEING MANIPULATED, ALL OF YOU! STOP!
ALL VERY WELL, COBBER, BUT IT ONLY TAKES ONE TO TANGO THIS WAY, AND THERE'S ALL THAT BLACK BILE BEIN' POURED INTO ME MATES' BRAINCASES, AND I CAN'T SEE HOW WE CAN--
DO AS I SAY!

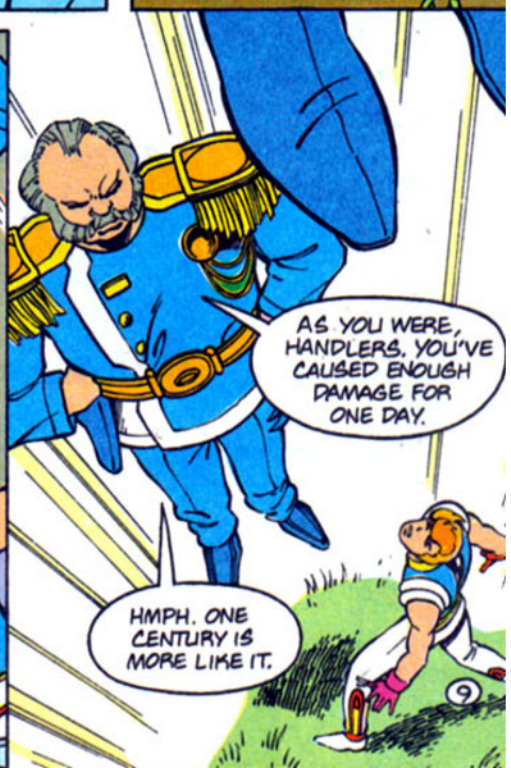

?
HUNH?
UH-OH--ARE WE GONNA GET IT?

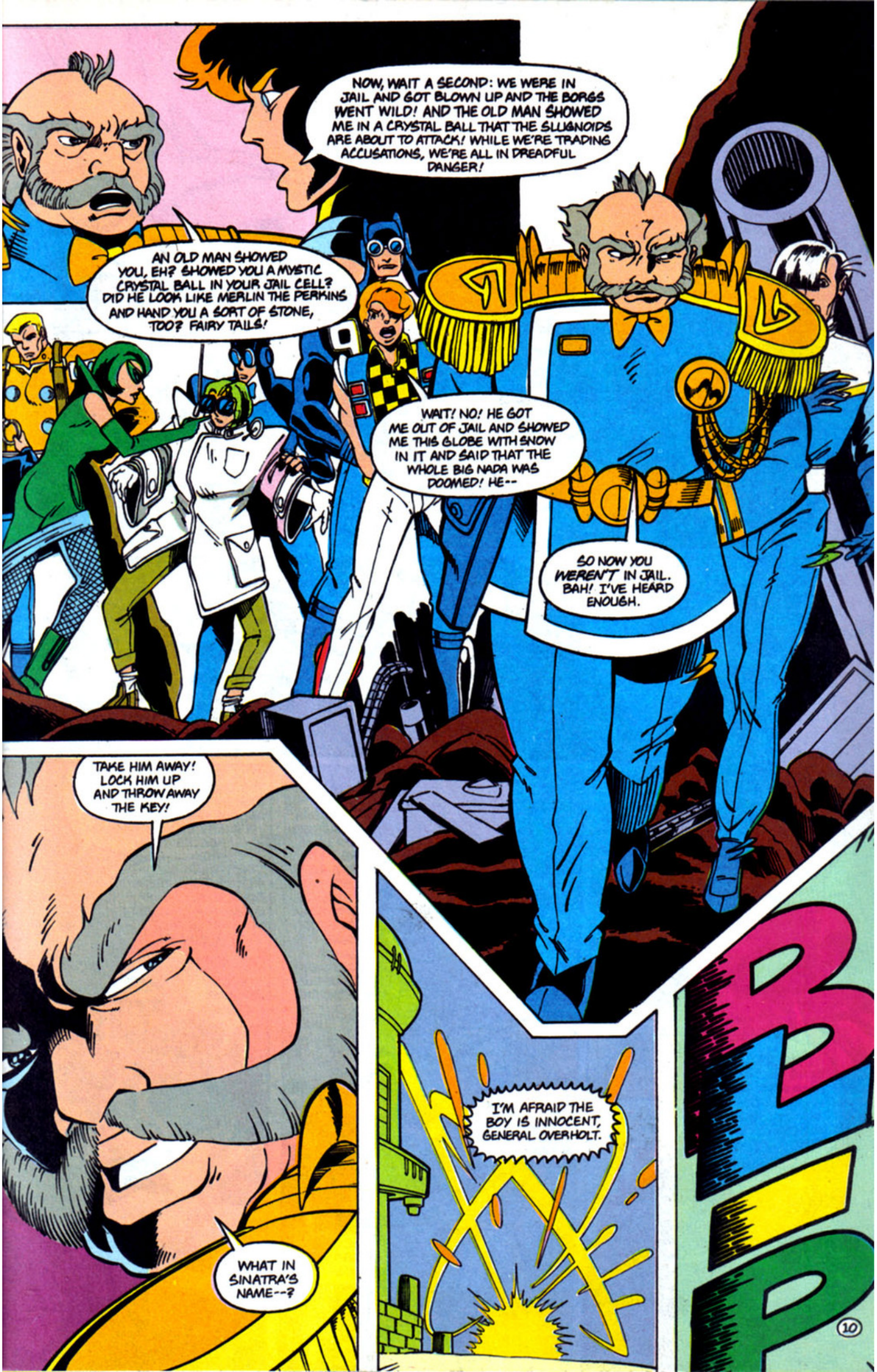

NO, IT'S OK. YOUR MASTERS ARE ALIVE. YOU'RE BEING MANIP-ULATED.

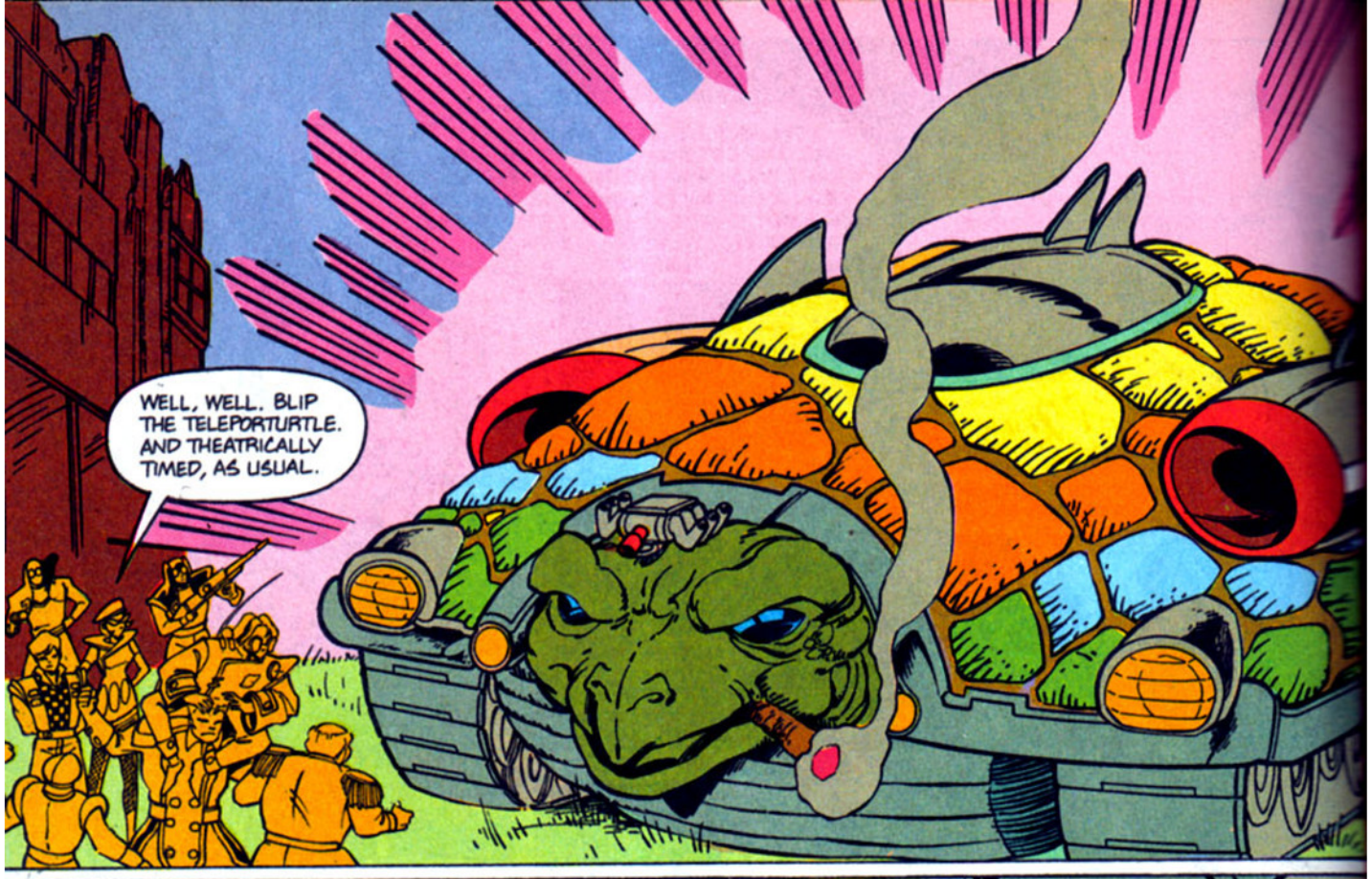

HERE THEY COME NOW. SEE? THEY'RE ALL RIGHT.
FOR THE MOMENT. WE MESSED UP, BIG TIME, DIDN'T WE?


I AM GONNA GET IT--?
NO YOU'RE NOT.

THE FIENDS RESPONSIBLE WILL PAY FOR THIS--EH?
UH-OH--THAT'S A GAMMARAUDER COMMAND GAMMAJET--!


AS YOU WERE, HANDLERS. YOU'VE CAUSED ENOUGH DAMAGE FOR ONE DAY.
HMPH. ONE CENTURY IS MORE LIKE IT.


NOW, WAIT A SECOND: WE WERE IN JAIL AND GOT BLOWN UP AND THE BORGS WENT WILD! AND THE OLD MAN SHOWED ME IN A CRYSTAL BALL THAT THE SLUGNOIDS ARE ABOUT TO ATTACK! WHILE WE'RE TRADING ACCUSATIONS, WE'RE ALL IN DREADFUL DANGER!
AN OLD MAN SHOWED YOU, EH? SHOWED YOU A MYSTIC CRYSTAL BALL IN YOUR JAIL CELL? DID HE LOOK LIKE MERLIN THE PERKINS AND HAND YOU A SORT OF STONE, TOO? FAIRY TALES!
WAIT! NO! HE GOT ME OUT OF JAIL AND SHOWED ME THIS GLOBE WITH SNOW IN IT AND SAID THAT THE WHOLE BIG NADA WAS DOOMED! HE--
SO NOW YOU WEREN'T IN JAIL. BAH! I'VE HEARD ENOUGH.
TAKE HIM AWAY! LOCK HIM UP AND THROW AWAY THE KEY!
WHAT IN SINATRA'S NAME--?
I'M AFRAID THE BOY IS INNOCENT, GENERAL OVERHOLT.
BLIP

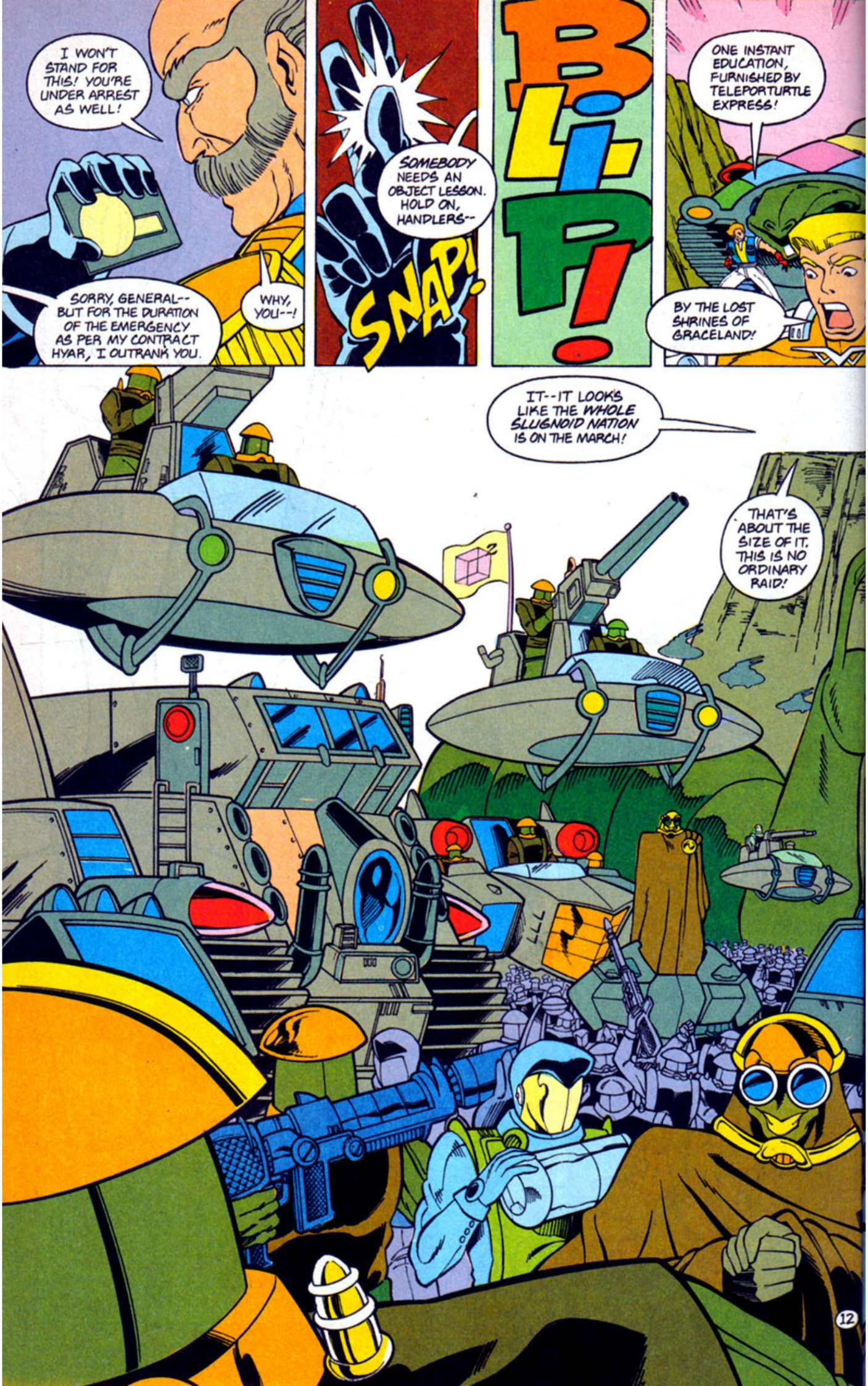

WELL, WELL. BLIP THE TELEPORTURTLE. AND THEATRICALLY TIMED, AS USUAL.

NOW, LISTEN HERE! I WON'T ALLOW ANY OVERGROWN SOUP ANIMAL TO--
OH, MAN, OVERCOAT, YOU ARE ASKING FOR AN ALTITUDE ADJUSTMENT--

IT'S A LUCKY THING YOU CAN'T HEAR WHAT BLIP JUST THOUGHT, GENERAL. BUT THE LAD IS PERFECTLY CORRECT.
DAMMIT, DIAMON--

NATASHA. IT HAS BEEN TOO LONG. THE DAYS HAVE BEEN NIGHTS WITHOUT YOU TO LIGHT THEM UP. FOOD LOSES ITS SAVOR-- UNDERWEAR CHAFES, BIRDS SING OUT OF TUNE.
YOU'RE SUCH AN IDIOT, ILSO.
"NATASHA AND ILSO? IT CAN'T BE--MUSTN'T BE--!"

IT'LL TAKE MORE THAN YOUR TESTIMONY, DIAMON, TO KEEP THEM OUT OF JAIL! AND THEY'LL GET OUT WHEN THE NEXT PLENARY COUNCIL SESSION FREEZES OVER!
DON'T THINK SO, MON CHOUX. WE'RE GOING TO NEED EVERY BIOBORG AND HANDLER AROUND TO FACE WHAT'S COMING.
NEW PERFUME, NATASHA?
NAPALM, ILSO.


I WON'T STAND FOR THIS! YOU'RE UNDER ARREST AS WELL!
SORRY, GENERAL-- BUT FOR THE DURATION OF THE EMERGENCY AS PER MY CONTRACT HYAR, I OUTRANK YOU.
WHY, YOU--!
SOMEBODY NEEDS AN OBJECT LESSON. HOLD ON, HANDLERS--
SNAP!
BLIP!
ONE INSTANT EDUCATION, FURNISHED BY TELEPORTURTLE EXPRESS!
BY THE LOST SHRINES OF GRACELAND!
IT--IT LOOKS LIKE THE WHOLE SLUGNOID NATION IS ON THE MARCH!
THAT'S ABOUT THE SIZE OF IT. THIS IS NO ORDINARY RAID!

I--I--
WELL, GENERAL?
TAKE US BACK, DIAMON. WE MUST RALLY ALL OUR FORCES.
YOU HEARD THE MAN, BLIP.

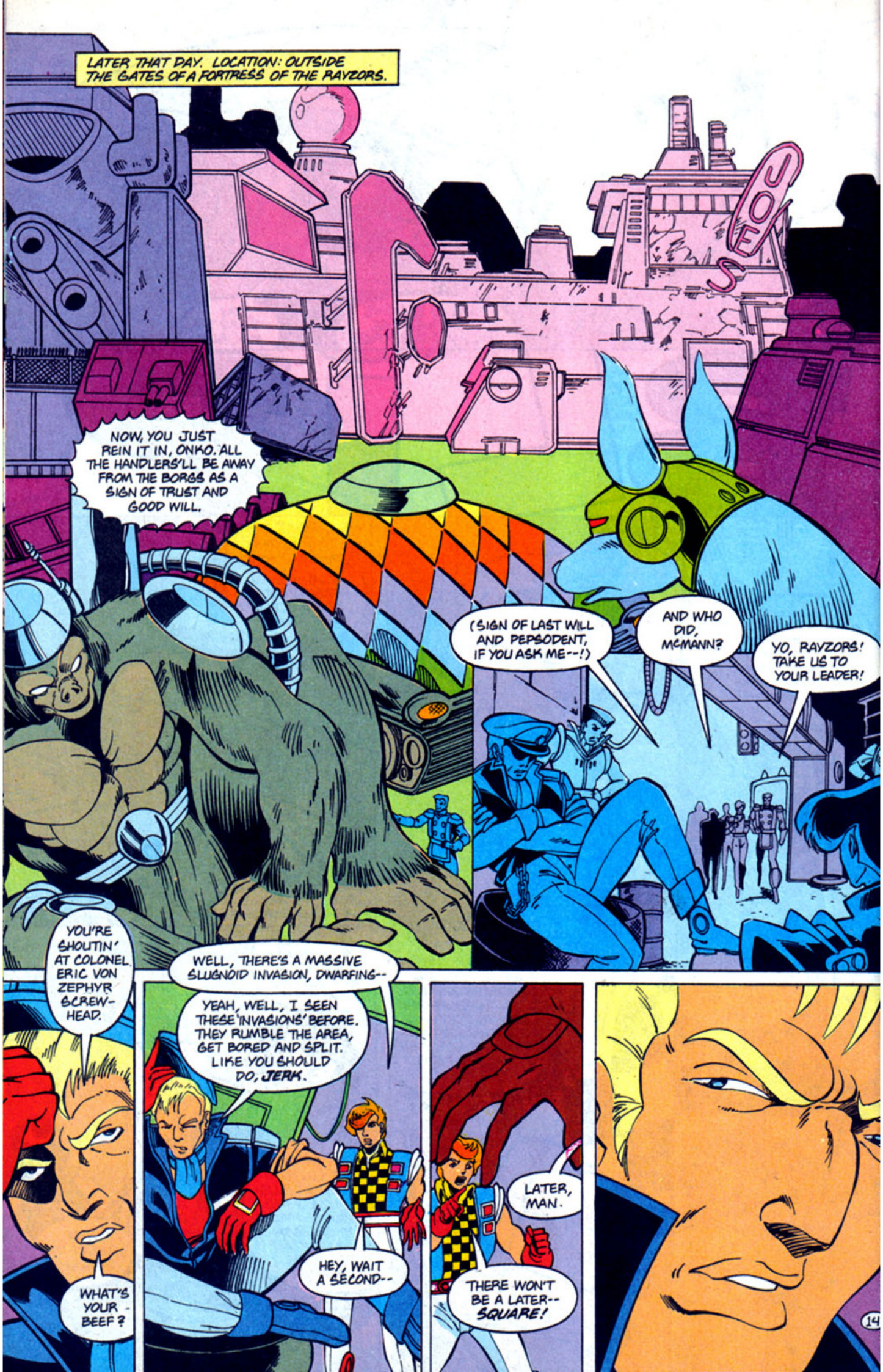
BLIP

YOU KNOW, I ALWAYS THOUGHT YOUR NAME FOR HIM WAS THE HEIGHT OF NEO-SIMPLISTIC CONCRETIZATION, GOING BEYOND METAPHOR TO THE ESSENCE-PRECEDING EXISTANT.
I NEVER KNOW WHETHER TO THANK YOU OR HIT YOU, NIGEL.
IT'S JUST LIKE THE OLD MAN SAID.

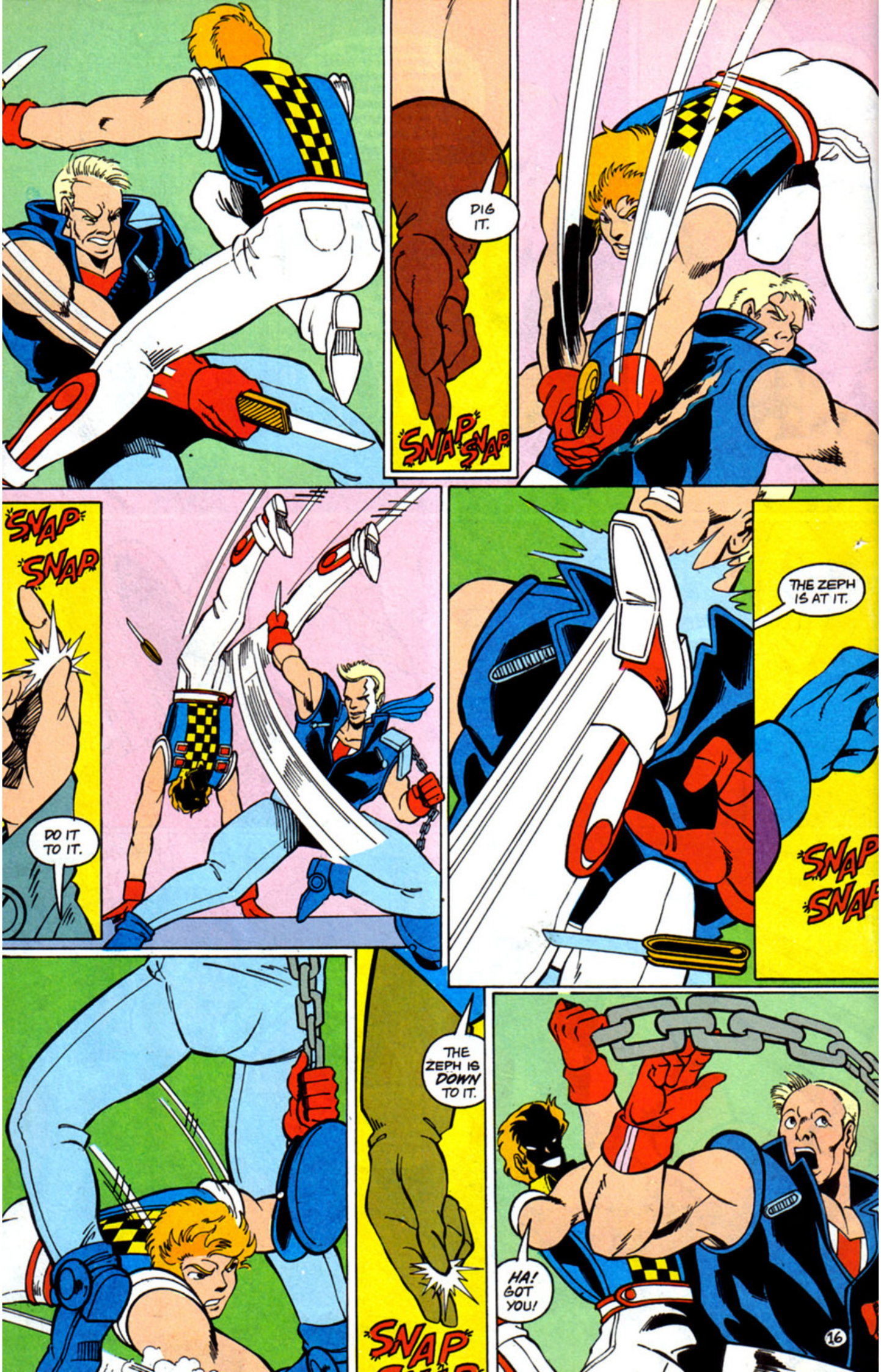
THIS IS REAL WAR, NOT JUST SCRAPES AND SQUABBLES OVER POD-INOIDS! REAL WAR--THE KIND THAT DESTROYED THE GOLDEN AGE! AND IT MIGHT DESTROY THE GAMMA AGE AS WELL, HE SAID!

WELL, DON'T JUST STAND THERE, MAN!
MOBILIZE ALL FORCES! SOUND GENERAL ALERT! GET MOVING!
SOON AS YOU LET GO, GENERAL, SIR!

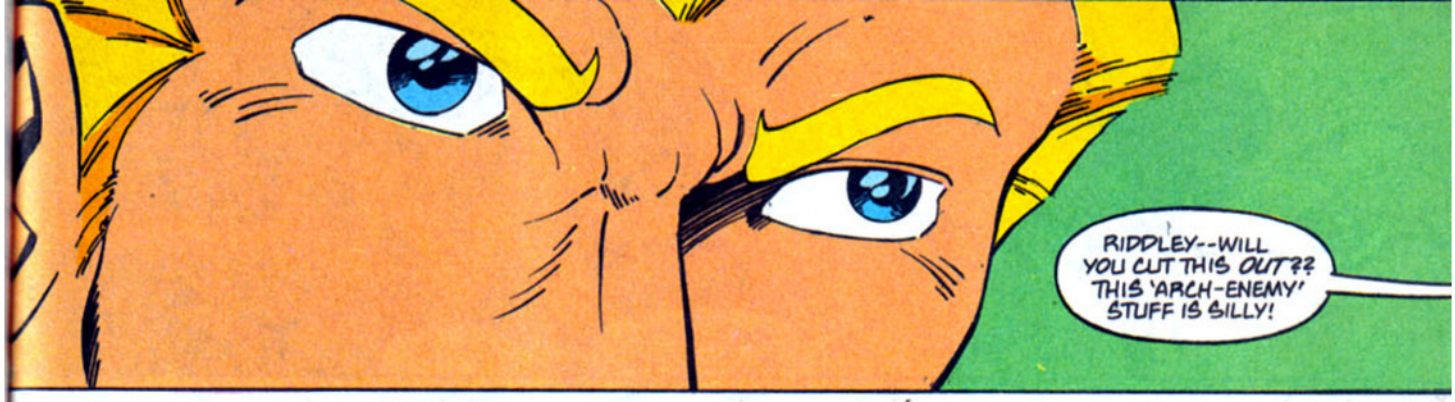
OUR MISSION IS TO ROUND UP EVERY BIOBORG AROUND--
--SAID CODICIL IN THE CONTRACT WRITTEN BY ALLIS-DAU, LOVELY AND SENSUOUS NIECE OF PROFESSOR WOMBA HIMSELF NUDGE NIDGE WINK WINK!
YOU'RE FULL OF IT, DIAMON--!

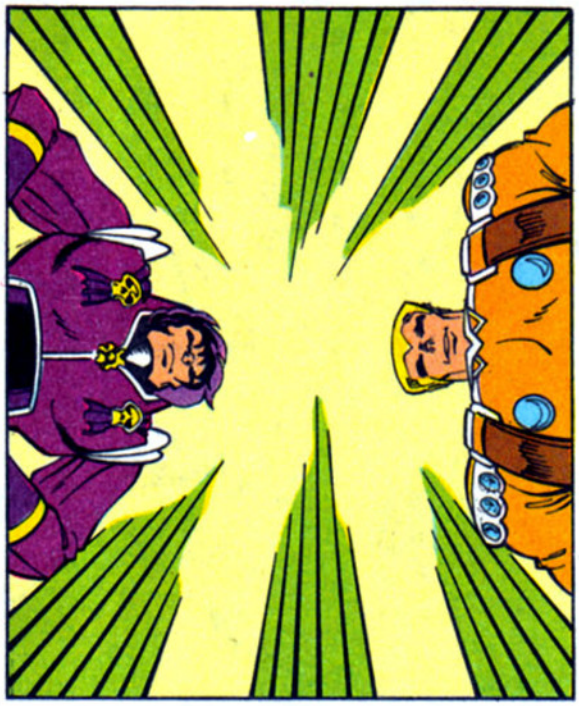

LATER THAT DAY. LOCATION: OUTSIDE THE GATES OF A FORTRESS OF THE RAYZORS.
NOW, YOU JUST REIN IT IN, ONKO. ALL THE HANDLERS'LL BE AWAY FROM THE BORGS AS A SIGN OF TRUST AND GOOD WILL.
(SIGN OF LAST WILL AND PEPSODENT, IF YOU ASK ME--!)
AND WHO DID, McMANN?
YO, RAYZORS! TAKE US TO YOUR LEADER!
YOU'RE SHOUTIN' AT COLONEL ERIC VON ZEPHYR SCREW-HEAD.
WHAT'S YOUR BEEF?
WELL, THERE'S A MASSIVE SLUGNOID INVASION, DWARFING--
YEAH, WELL, I SEEN THESE 'INVASIONS' BEFORE. THEY RUMBLE THE AREA, GET BORED AND SPLIT. LIKE YOU SHOULD DO, JERK.
HEY, WAIT A SECOND--
LATER, MAN.
THERE WON'T BE A LATER-- SQUARE!

WHAT DID YOU CALL ME -- PUNK?
I CALLED YOU A SQUARE, SQUARE!
I CERTAINLY HOPE THIS STRATEGEM OF YOUNG TADSWORTH'S WORKS. THE SLUGNOID FORCES ARE LESS THAN SIX HOURS AWAY, BY MY CALCULATION, GIVE OR TAKE--
SHUT UP, NIGEL!!
IF THAT'S YOUR GAME, IT'LL TAKE MORE THAN SOME SLOT-NOSED GEEK TO GET ERIC VON ZEPHYR'S GROAT!
HOLD ON--!
ZEPHYR--
--THOSE NEW JAPANESE BIKES GOT IT ALL OVER HARLEY-DAVIDSON!
YOU DIE, TADSWORTH!!
THE--THE ANCIENT CURSE, SIRE! HE SPOKE THE WORDS!!
15


DIG IT.
SNAP SNAP
SNAP SNAP
DO IT TO IT.
THE ZEPH IS AT IT.
SNAP SNAP
THE ZEPH IS DOWN TO IT.
SNAP
HA! GOT YOU!
16

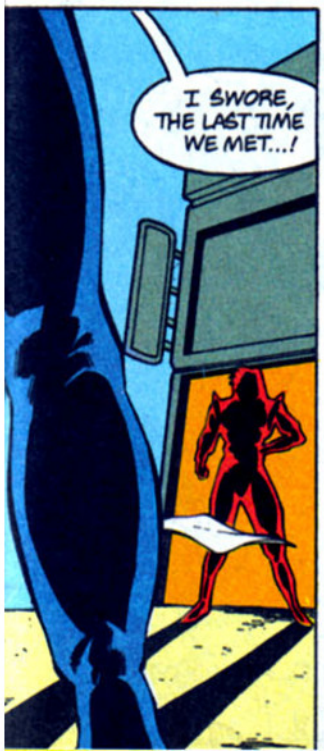
NOW, DO YOU LISTEN TO US OR DO I CRACK YOU SOME NEW VERTEBRAE?
ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT!
KID, YOU GOT CONEYS. MIGHT NOT BE SO BAD FIGHTING ALONG WITH YOU. SHOULD BE A RUMBLE.
WE GOT SIX ATTACK DIVISIONS. ONLY ONE BIOBORG UNDER CONTRACT RIGHT NOW, BUT HE'S GOOD.
AND WHO MIGHT THAT BE?
THE NAME, DEAR DARK FLOWER, IS SLASH.
OH, NO!
YOU!
RIDDLEY-- GET A GRIP ON YOURSELF!
SO, RIDDLEY McMANN, WE MEET AGAIN. ONE MIGHT ALMOST CALL IT FATE.

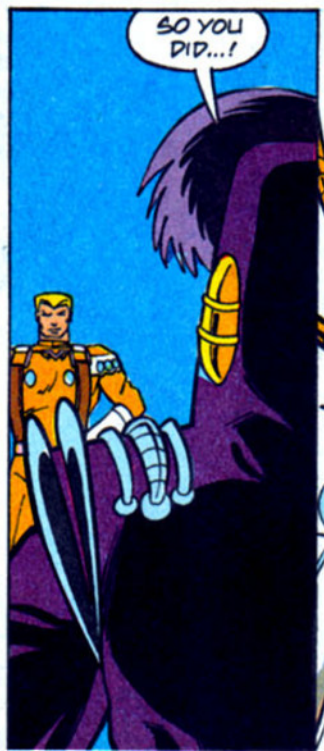

RIDDLEY--WILL YOU CUT THIS OUT?? THIS 'ARCH-ENEMY' STUFF IS SILLY!



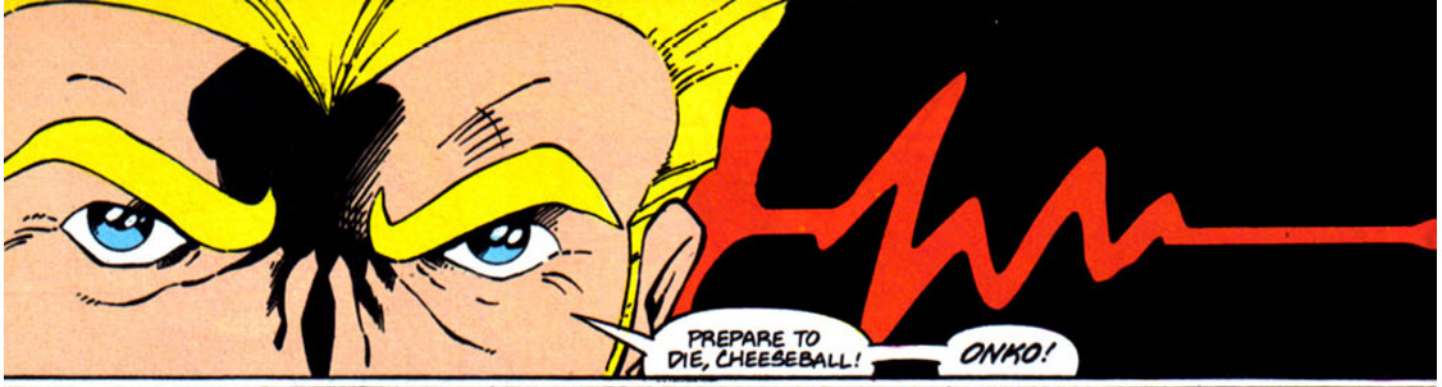
CRACK

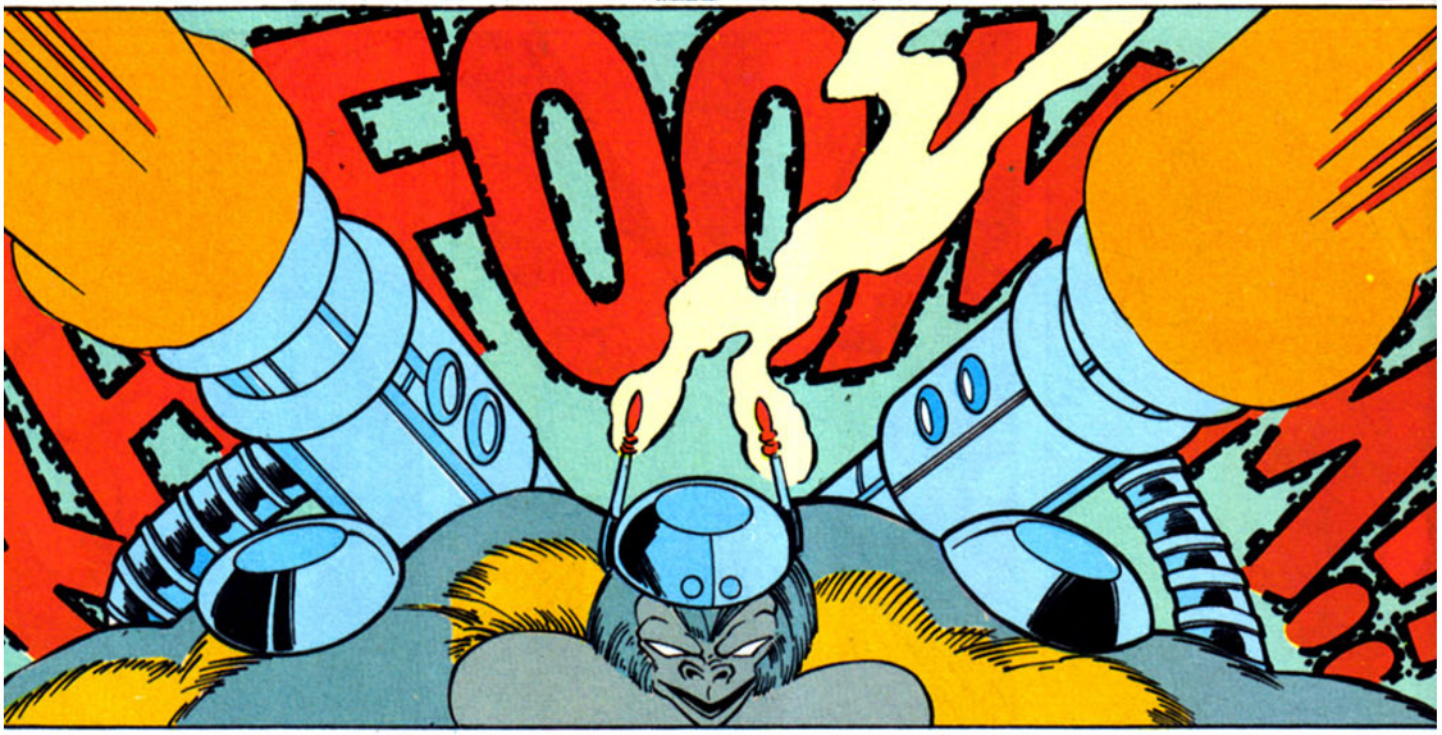
THERE'S NO REASON FOR IT! YOU MADE THIS GRUDGE MATCH UP!

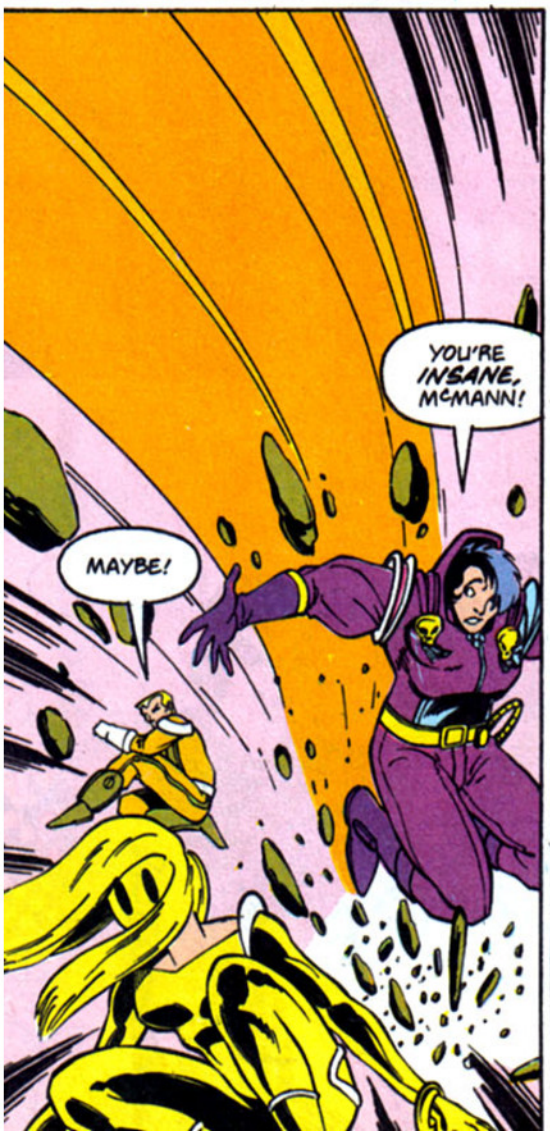

I SWORE, THE LAST TIME WE MET...!


SO YOU DID...!

I DON'T THINK THEY'LL LISTEN TO YOU, JOK--OR THEY WON'T PAY ATTENTION OR THEY'LL PAY ATTENTION AND DISREGARD WHAT YOU SAID, WHICH IS IN THE PRACTICAL SPHERE THE SAME THING. THERE'S CLEARLY SOMETHING GOING ON HERE BELOW THE LEVEL OF RATIONALITY--
--WHICH IN THEIR CASE IS A SHORT DROP--!
I GIVE UP!

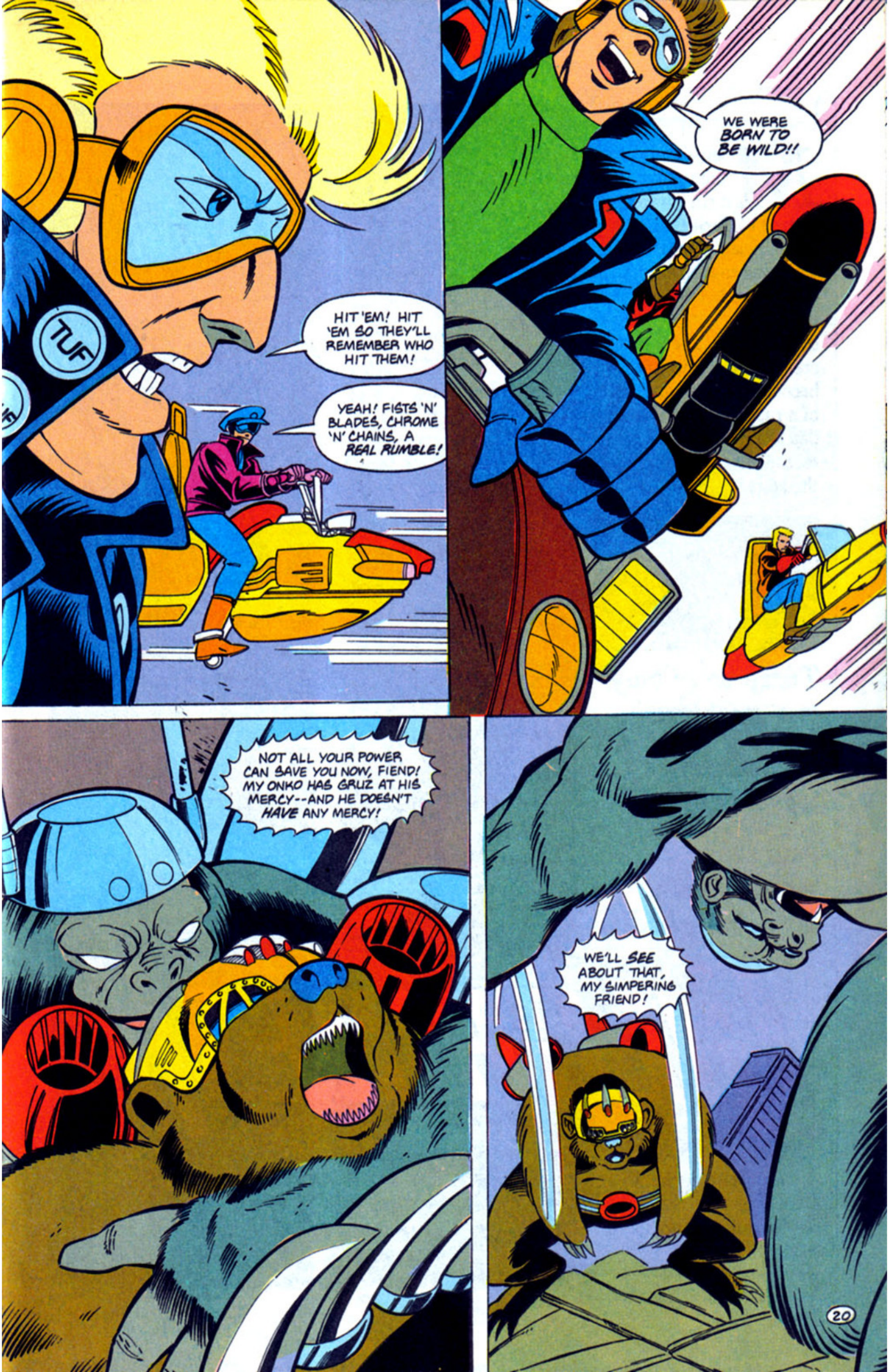

PREPARE TO DIE, CHEESEBALL!
ONKO!


FOOM


YOU'RE INSANE, McMANN!
MAYBE!

HEY, GEEKFACE-- WE'LL SHOW YOU WHO TRASHES RAYZOR TURF AND GETS AWAY WITH IT--!
GANG--IT'S A RUMBLE!!!

MOA-NAH!
?


TUF
HIT 'EM! HIT 'EM SO THEY'LL REMEMBER WHO HIT THEM!
YEAH! FISTS 'N' BLADES, CHROME 'N' CHAINS, A REAL RUMBLE!
WE WERE BORN TO BE WILD!!
NOT ALL YOUR POWER CAN SAVE YOU NOW, FIEND! MY ONKO HAS GRUZ AT HIS MERCY--AND HE DOESN'T HAVE ANY MERCY!
WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT, MY SIMPERING FRIEND!
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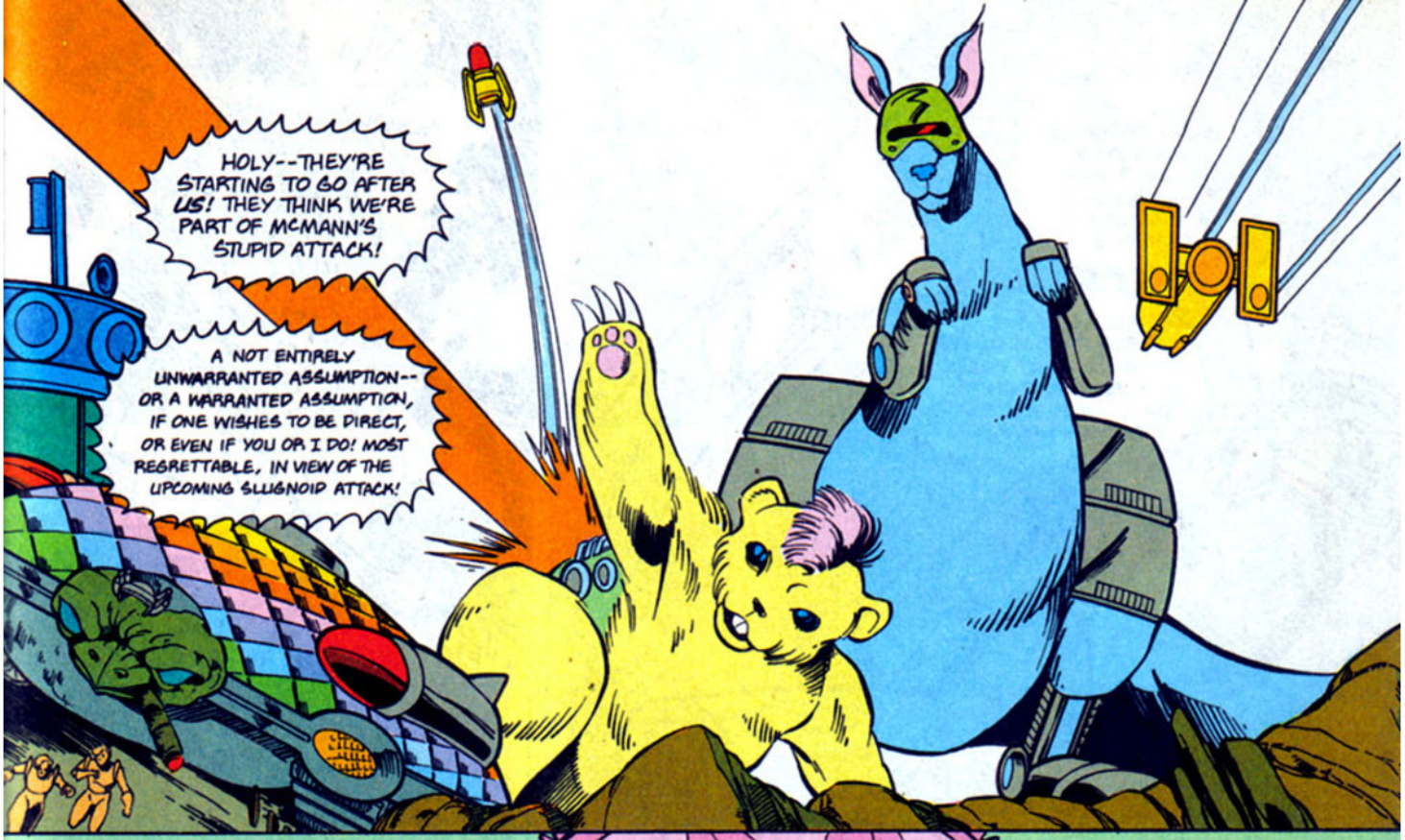
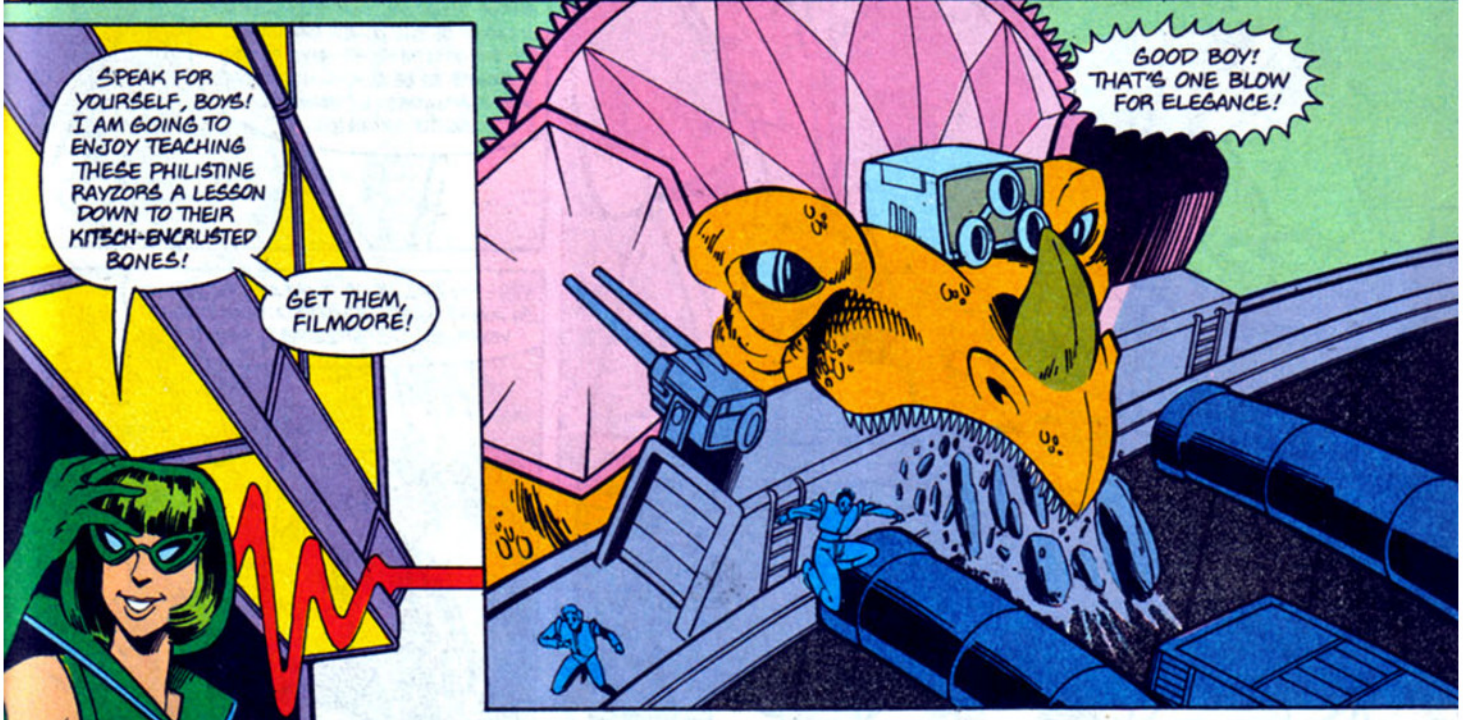
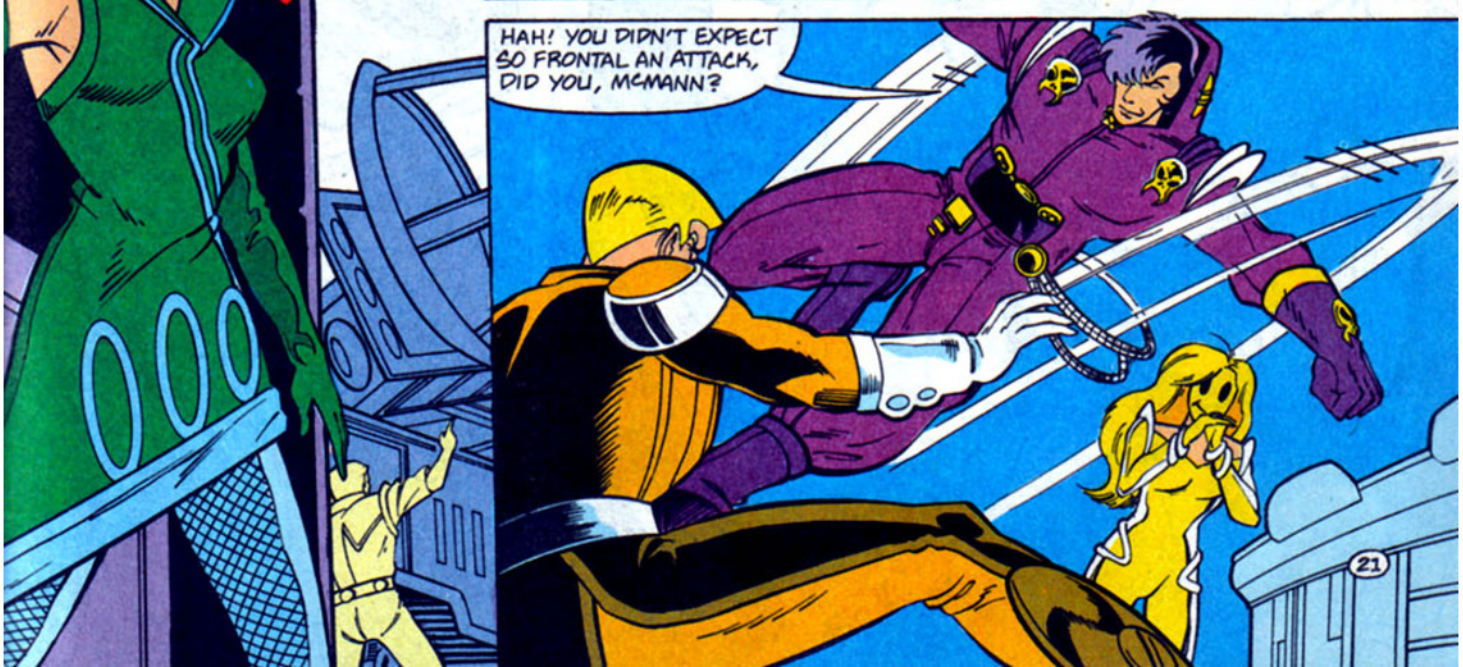
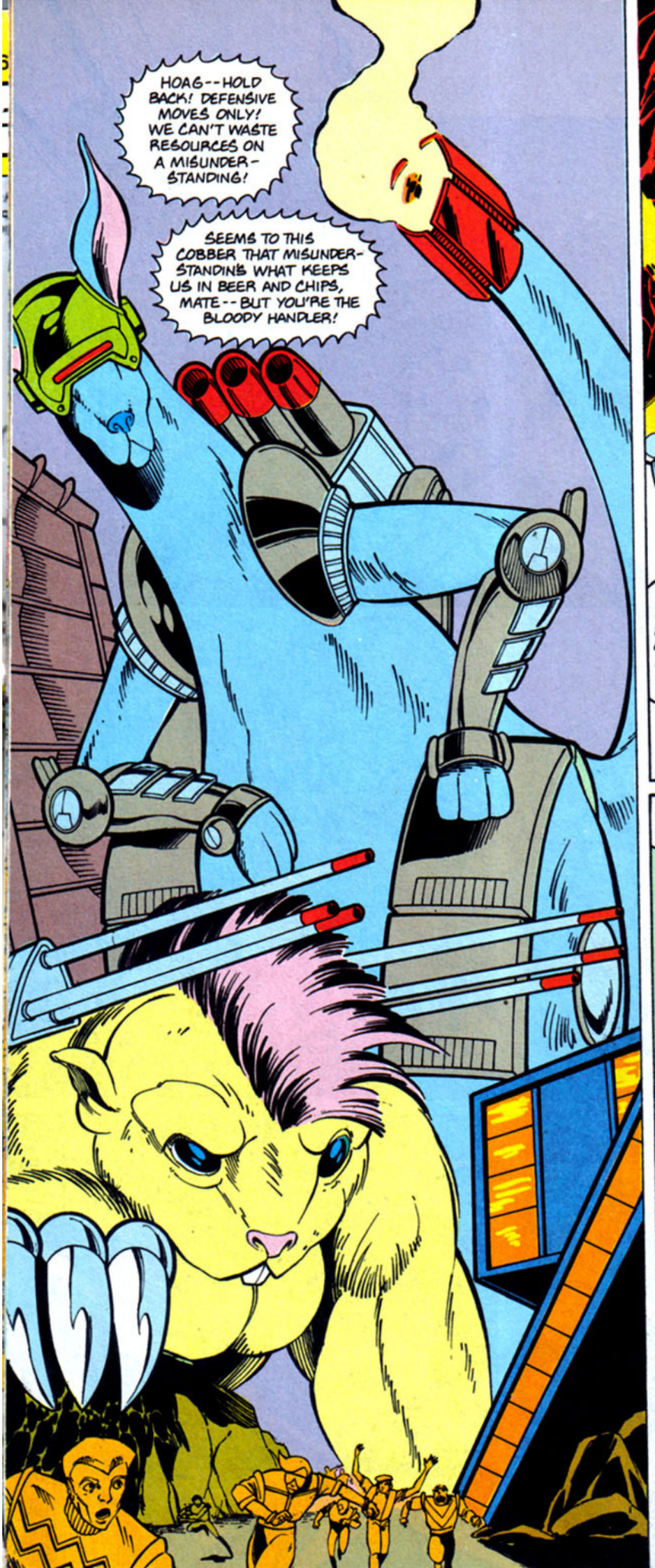
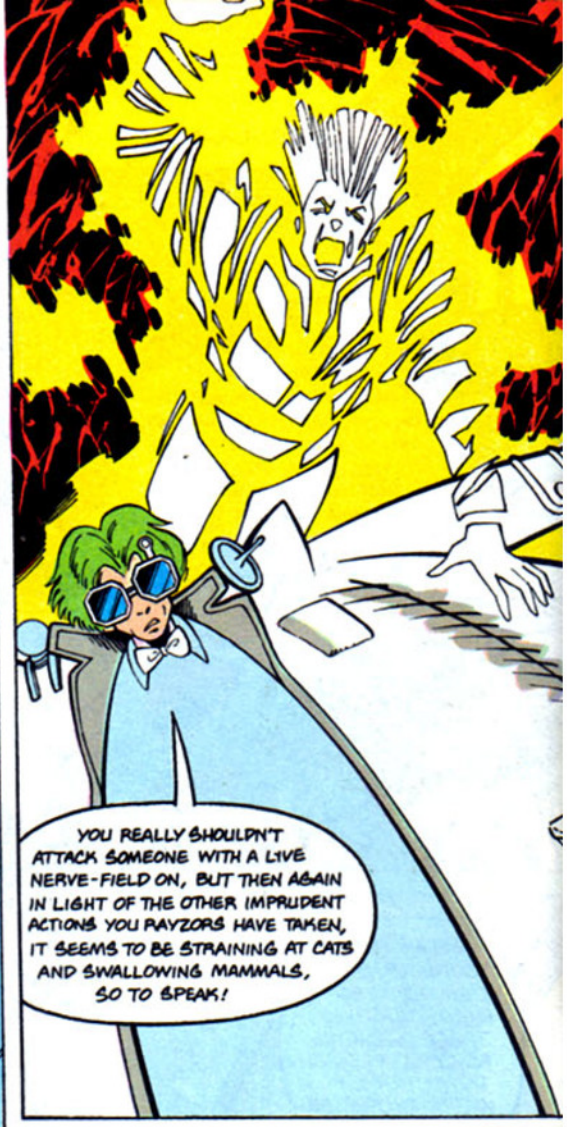
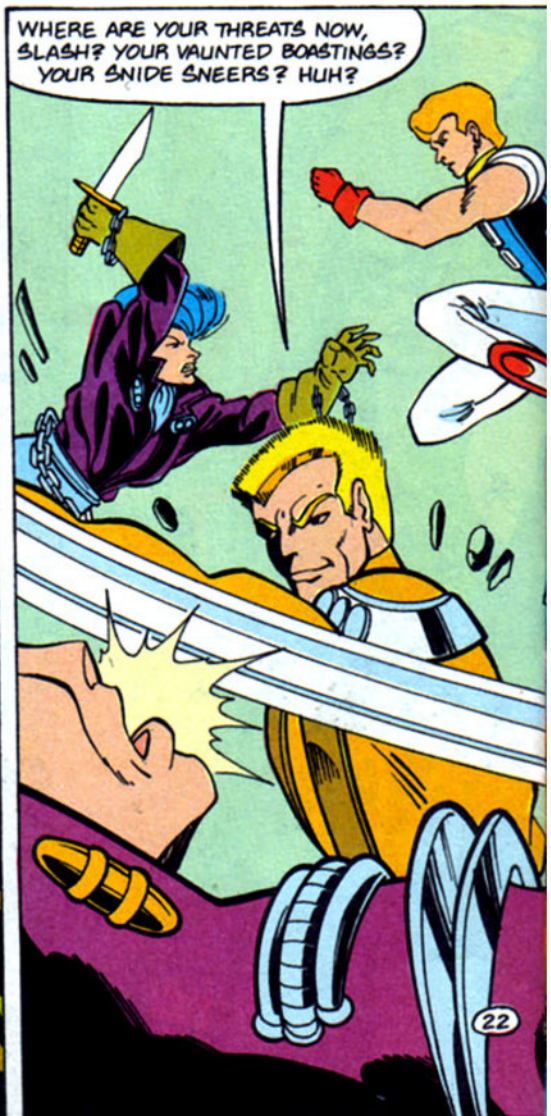

HOLY--THEY'RE STARTING TO GO AFTER US! THEY THINK WE'RE PART OF MCMANN'S STUPID ATTACK!
A NOT ENTIRELY UNWARRANTED ASSUMPTION--OR A WARRANTED ASSUMPTION, IF ONE WISHES TO BE DIRECT, OR EVEN IF YOU OR I DO! MOST REGRETTABLE, IN VIEW OF THE UPCOMING SLUGNOID ATTACK!


SPEAK FOR YOURSELF, BOYS! I AM GOING TO ENJOY TEACHING THESE PHILISTINE RAYZORS A LESSON DOWN TO THEIR KITSCH-ENCRUSTED BONES!
GET THEM, FILMOORE!
GOOD BOY! THAT'S ONE BLOW FOR ELEGANCE!

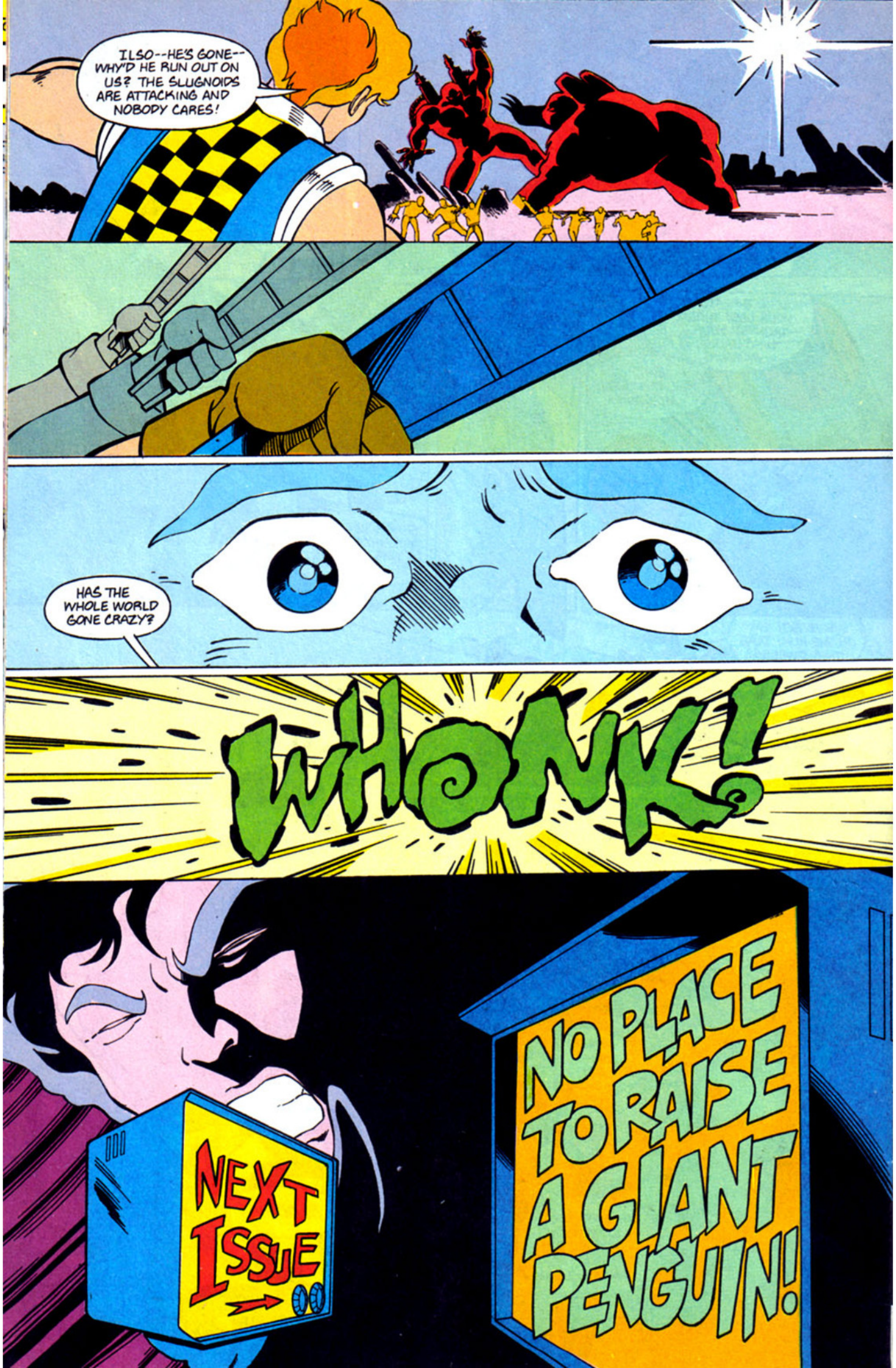

HAH! YOU DIDN'T EXPECT SO FRONTAL AN ATTACK, DID YOU, MCMANN?


HOAG--HOLD BACK! DEFENSIVE MOVES ONLY! WE CAN'T WASTE RESOURCES ON A MISUNDER-STANDING!
SEEMS TO THIS COBBER THAT MISUNDER-STANDIN'S WHAT KEEPS US IN BEER AND CHIPS, MATE--BUT YOU'RE THE BLOODY HANDLER!


YOU REALLY SHOULDN'T ATTACK SOMEONE WITH A LIVE NERVE-FIELD ON, BUT THEN AGAIN IN LIGHT OF THE OTHER IMPRUDENT ACTIONS YOU RAYZORS HAVE TAKEN, IT SEEMS TO BE STRAINING AT CATS AND SWALLOWING MAMMALS, SO TO SPEAK!


WHERE ARE YOUR THREATS NOW, SLASH? YOUR VAUNTED BOASTINGS? YOUR SNIDE SNEERS? HUH?

HEADS UP, YOUNG'UN! YOU'D BEST DO BETTER GUARDING YOUR FLANK THAN THAT!
ABANDON POSITIONS! RUN!
THANKS, ILSO!
HEY, THAT'S WHAT I'M HERE FOR!
YOU'VE THREATENED YOUR LAST THREAT --TAUNTED YOUR LAST TAUNT, McMANN!
EAT RELATIVISTIC MESONS!
FAA
STASIS BEAM! MOTHER OF MURPHY! IS THIS--IS THIS THE END--?
WE'VE GOT 'EM ON THE RUN! TAKE THIS, DWEEBS!
I'M HIT!
HURTS...
HOAG-- HANG ON!
THEY SMELL BLOOD! ANYONE --MY BORG'S IN TROUBLE--BAD! MAYDAY! ILSO!
NOT TO WORRY, MY--
WHAT IN--BLIP! BLIP!
BLOODY--
BLIP!


ILSO--HE'S GONE--WHY'D HE RUN OUT ON US? THE SLUGNOIDS ARE ATTACKING AND NOBODY CARES!
HAS THE WHOLE WORLD GONE CRAZY?
WHONK!
NEXT ISSUE
NO PLACE TO RAISE A GIANT PENGUIN!

A
VIGILANTE
Scan
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